April 7, 1997 49145 $3.50 U.S., $4.50 Canadian

CHAPLIN FUNNY? —p. 48

Suicide by Divorce — American Style, by John J. Dilulio Jr.

NATIONAL REVIEW

Downgrading The Education President

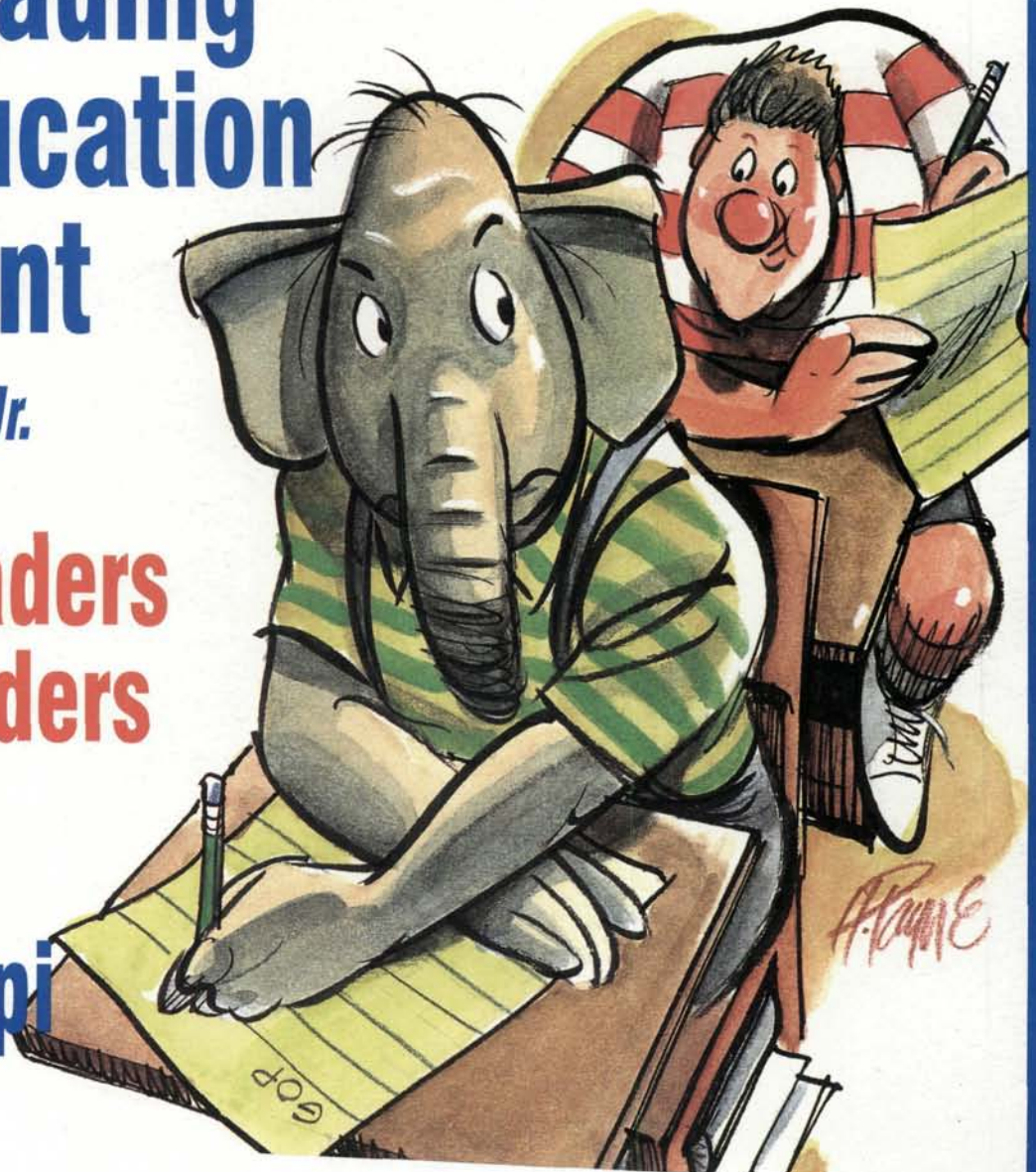
Chester E. Finn Jr.

When Leaders Were Leaders

George F. Will

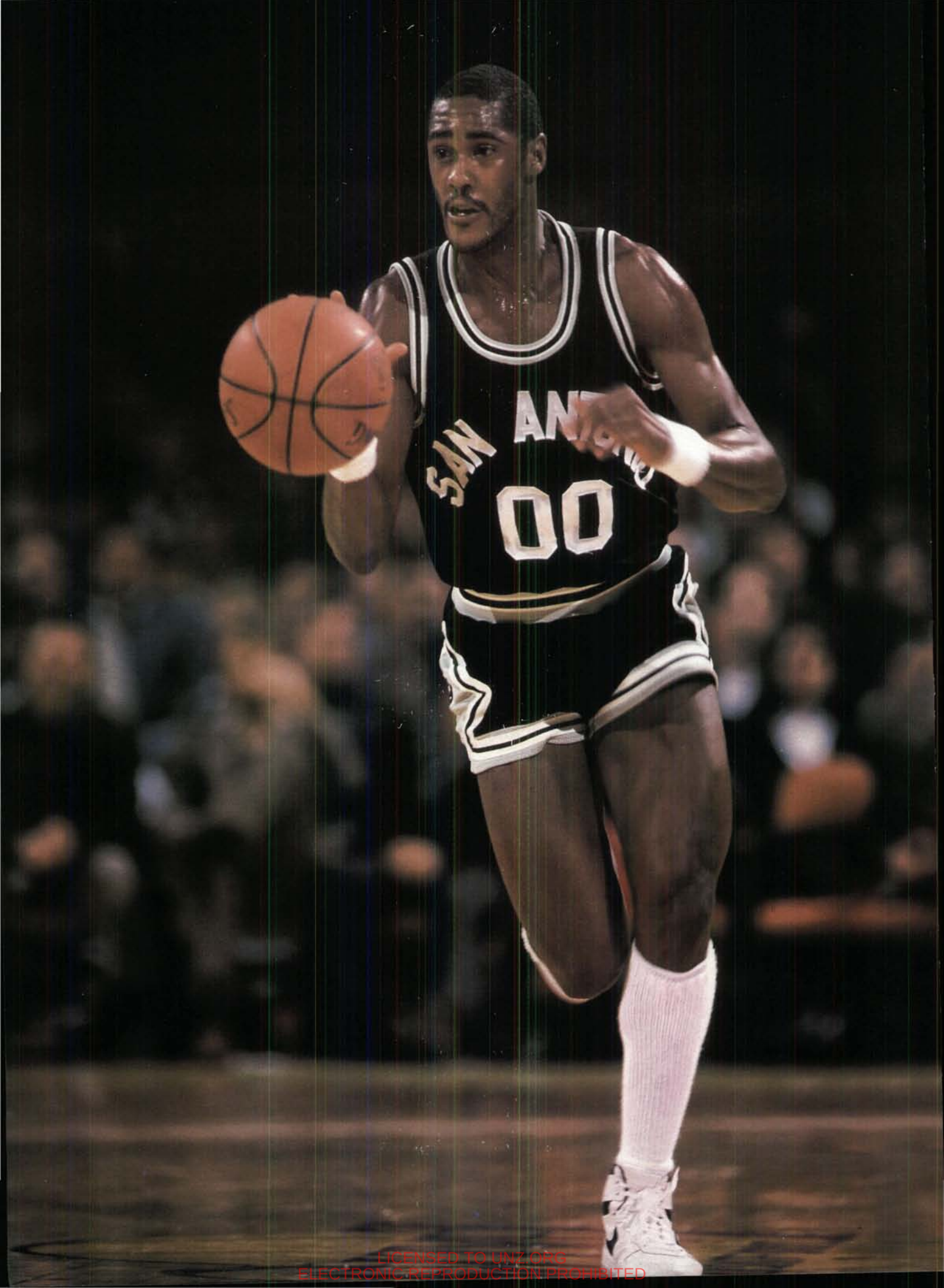
Mississippi Gambles

Ben C. Toledano



#BXNCMYG ***** 5-DIGIT 94301
#94301UZZ555BY003# 9813
88 NIRV 481 P00139
RON UNZ
555 BRYANT ST #371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I was thinking, 'If I can just get to the game, I'll be all right.' "

JOHNNY MOORE

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Johnny never made it to that game back in 1985. Instead, he landed in the hospital with a deadly infection.

His doctors said he might go blind. Never have kids. Possibly die.

But thanks to excellent care and medicine developed by Pfizer research, Johnny got another shot at life.

And eventually, he even got a daughter to share it with.

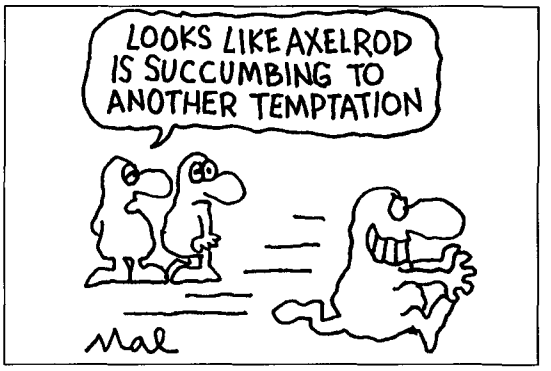
Pfizer

We're part of the cure.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REVIEW

APRIL 7, 1997 VOL. XLIX, NO. 6



COVER STORY

34 ***C for Effort***
After grading the education plans submitted by the President and the Congress, **Chester E. Finn Jr.** hands out report cards.

ARTICLES

20 ***Capital Scene***
Rich Lowry takes aim at the Administration's plan to target minority donors. . . . **Eric Felten** enjoys the *Washington Post*'s discomfiture over the girls who cried rape, but he points out that some of the damage cannot be undone. . . . If our representatives can't zero out the National Endowment for the Arts, **Kate O'Beirne** says, they might as well be finger-painting.

24 ***On the Scene***
Revolution goes full circle as Communists—sorry, socialists—once again vie for power in Albania, reports **Johnathan Sunley**. . . . Al Gore took advantage of the cracks in the naturalization process, but, as **Peter Brimelow** knows first hand, Gore didn't create them. . . . **Sam Quinones** finds a cartel of corruption south of the border.

30 ***Mississippi Gambles***
Mississippi's political class looked at the new riverboat gamblers and saw prosperity; **Ben C. Toledano** looks a bit deeper.

36 ***Mr. Republican***
How far can the Governor of New York go? **Matthew Carolan** and **Raymond J. Keating** profile George Pataki.

39 ***Deadly Divorce***
Don't get divorced, warns **John J. DiIulio Jr.**—it just might kill you.

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

46 There is no necessary connection between democracy and vulgarity, writes **George F. Will**. Roy Jenkins proves the point in his important, and entertaining, biography, *Gladstone*. . . . After reading Kenneth S. Lynn's *Charlie Chaplin and His Times*, **George MacDonald Fraser** reveals the Super Tramp's dirty little secret: he wasn't very funny. . . . In *The Witch Doctors: Making Sense of the Management Gurus*, John Micklethwait and Adrian Wooldridge call the likes of Peter Drucker "the unacknowledged legislators of mankind." That's going a little far, sniffs **Andrew Stuttaford**. . . . **James Gardner** rescues J. D. Salinger from Purgatory. . . . Despite its genre, says **John Simon**, *Donnie Brasco* qualifies as art. As for *Marvin's Room*, *fuhgeddaboudit*. . . . Could *Private Parts* prove to be Howard's End? **Jonathan Foreman** bids a preliminary farewell to Howard Stern, Conservative.

60 ***Misanthrope's Corner***
Florence King asks why Americans are filthy rich.

SECTIONS

4 ***Letters***
6 ***From the Editor***
8 ***For the Record***
10 ***The Week***
41 ***Gekko***
42 hel
44 ***Letter from Al***
57 ***Trans-O-Gram***
58 ***On the Right***

Cover illustration by Henry Payne

World Wide Web http://www.nationalreview.com

NATIONAL REVIEW (ISSN: 0028-0038) is published bi-weekly, except for the first issue in January, by National Review, Inc., at 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. ©National Review, Inc., 1997. Address all editorial mail, manuscripts, letters to the editor, etc. to Editorial Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Address all subscription mail orders, changes of address, undeliverable copies, etc. to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668; phone, 815-734-1232, Monday–Friday, 7:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M. Eastern time. Adjustment requests should be accompanied by a current mailing label or facsimile. Direct classified advertising inquiries to: Classifieds Dept., National Review, 215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016 or call 212-679-7330. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Circulation Dept., NATIONAL REVIEW, P. O. Box 668, Mount Morris, Ill. 61054-0668. Printed in the U.S.A.

RATES: $57.00 a year (25 issues). Add $21.50 for Canada and other foreign subscriptions, per year. (All payments in U.S. currency.) The editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage or, better, a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Opinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the views of the editors.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Kaufmann Fund®

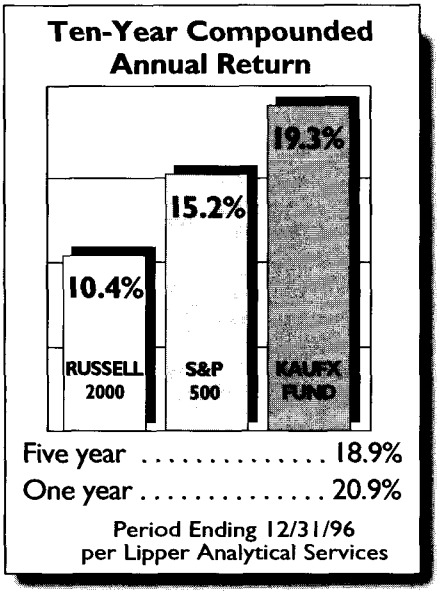
A Small Company Aggressive Growth Fund

#1 Performing Fund Since the Market Low of 1987

*— per Mutual Fund Forecaster**

"Tough Guys Finish FIRST"

— Mutual Funds Magazine, April '95



Lawrence Auriana and Hans Utsch, Portfolio Co-managers with over 65 years of combined Wall Street experience

Morningstar 5-Star (★★★★★) Rating**

(Out of 1,826 equity funds as of 12/31/96)

For a prospectus call: **(800) 666-9233**

24 hours per day, 7 days a week

IRA

*Out of 637 open-end equity funds, for the period of 12/4/87 - 12/31/96.

**Morningstar ratings are subject to change every month and are calculated from the funds' three-, five- and ten-year average annual returns with appropriate sales charge adjustments and a risk factor that reflects performance relative to three-month Treasury bill monthly returns. Ten percent of the funds in an investment category receive five stars.

Total returns for periods ending December 31, 1996 are historical and include change in share price, reinvestment of dividends and capital gains. There is a 0.2% redemption fee and a 12b-1 fee in excess of 0.25%. The S&P is an unmanaged index consisting of the common stock of 500 publicly traded U.S. companies. The Russell 2000 Index consists of 2,000 small and mid-cap companies. For more complete information including charges, expenses, and risks on small-cap stocks please read the prospectus carefully before you invest. The performance cited represents past performance which is not indicative of future results; investment performance fluctuates; fund shares when redeemed may be worth more or less than original cost. The prices of small company stocks are generally more volatile than those of large companies.

The Kaufmann Fund, Inc.

140 East 45th Street, New York, NY 10017 • Fax (212) 661-2261

Internet - http://www.kaufmann.com Prodigy - Jump Kaufmann AOL - Keyword: Kaufmann

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Guilt by Association?

Your March 10 cover claims that Orrin Hatch is a "Latter-Day Liberal." Your proof? He is friends with Ted Kennedy. This is ridiculous; Dan Quayle and Bob Dole are also friends of Kennedy. Did you not notice Sen. Hatch wearing a Rush Limbaugh tie in the photo? Please, the next time you feel the urge to trash a conservative, just reprint a story on Whitewater or something instead.

Jonathan T. Apple
Secane, Pa.

We shall run a selection of letters on the Hatch profile next issue. —ED.

GOP Dysfunctions

Rich Lowry's "Dysfunctional Republicans" [Feb. 24] highlights the irony of conservative support for the GOP. Republicans have not supported conservative efforts on abortion, affirmative action, multiculturalism, or immigration. Perhaps it is time to ask: If Republicans don't support conservatives, why should conservatives support Republicans? At least with the Libertarians or the U.S. Taxpayers Party we won't be cajoled and betrayed.

James P. Lubinskas
Cromwell, Conn.

What the Framers Had in Mind?

Last year, Justice Scalia, recently praised by John O. McGinnis ["The Missing Candidate," Dec. 9], provided a crucial fifth vote in a decision, *Bennis* v. *Michigan*, in which the Supreme Court upheld the constitutionality of the forfeiture of an innocent citizen's property. The Court held that neither of two constitutional provisions which expressly mention "property"—the Fourteenth Amendment's Due Process Clause and the Fifth Amendment's Takings Clause —protected a Michigan woman from the forfeiture of her half-interest in a car because of its use by her husband for a liaison with a prostitute.

Liberals and conservatives joined in the near-universal condemnation of the *Bennis* decision. The only real support for *Bennis* came from government agencies enthusiastic about fattening their treasuries at the expense of innocent citizens. Justice Scalia's recent criticism of his colleagues' failure to provide sufficient constitutional protection for property rights ["Vigilante Justices," Feb. 10] is a bit disingenuous. According to Scalia, the American colonists "almost certainly understood" the Due Process Clause to mean that any legal procedure which had been used regularly in "the old law of England" would automatically qualify as "due process." Before the American Revolution, the English had no problem with confiscating an innocent person's property in certain circumstances, a practice they justified with the peculiar notion that property itself can be "guilty."

Justice Scalia's vote against Tina Bennis's Takings Clause claim is even more obviously at odds with his ostensible reverence for the sanctity of property rights, and with his supposed commitment to a text-bound interpretation of the Constitution. The Takings Clause states, in clear and unmistakable terms, that "private property [shall not] be taken for public use, without just compensation." There is absolutely no common-sense reading of those words that would permit the state to take the property of an innocent citizen, at least without paying just compensation.

Justice Scalia's vote in the *Bennis* case appears to reflect a belief that nothing in the Constitution or the Bill of Rights should ever be allowed to interfere with the government's power to oppress its citizens by stealing their property.

Noah Eliezer Yanich
Co-Counsel for Petitioner, B. *v.* M.
Troy, Mich.

Mr. Yanich happily provides yet another example of how Justice Scalia is faithful to the original understanding of the Constitution. By "due process" the Framers referred to the procedural rights that citizens of England had secured in political struggles from Magna Carta to the Glorious Revolution. Since forfeiture proceedings similar to that faced by Tina Bennis were permissible under English law at the time of the Framing, the Due Process Clause does not prohibit them.

The Takings Clause requires compensation only for property taken for "public use." Thus, we compensate when the state, under its power of eminent domain, takes property to provide a public good, like a road. Justice Scalia is correct that the Court has too narrowly limited relief for such takings. But we do not compensate a criminal for the fine we impose on him, because his property is taken not for public use, but as a penalty. Mr. Yanich admits that under English law a forfeiture was an imposition of the criminal law; thus Mrs. Bennis has no claim under the Takings Clause construed according to its original meaning.

If this kind of forfeiture proceeding is as offensive to liberals and conservatives as Mr. Yanich suggests, the Michigan legislature can repeal it tomorrow, yet another advantage of Justice Scalia's restrained approach to constitutional interpretation —our fellow citizens, not judges, remain the ultimate arbiters of general questions of fairness. —JOM

A Good Society

John Fonte's review of my book *The New Golden Rule* [March 10] raises several important questions: Must an American moral revival be religious, or can secular humanists participate? Does a unified America require the assimilation of all people into one big mush, or can we readily tolerate people with subcultures of cuisine, music, dance, and certainly religion, who see themselves as members of a greater American whole? My main regret is that Mr. Fonte did not tell readers that practically all he chose to review is one chapter of eight, and not a main one at that. My book deals with the question of what constitutes a good society, above and beyond a civic one, however one defines civic. It asks how we can combine morality with freedom.

Amitai Etzioni
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

Yes, we can "tolerate" subcultures, and secular humanists can "participate" in a "moral revival." But Mr. Etzioni's conception of the good society is based not on American liberal-democratic principles and Judaeo–Christian ethics, but on neo-corporatist concepts of group rights and on a constantly shifting moral foundation that depends not on transcendent morality but on the latest megalogue. I think I addressed all the major issues and chapters—values, the moral order, autonomy, the common good, the good society, communities, individuals, the balance of order and liberty, religion, secularism, democracy, civility, incivility, culture wars, communication, megalogues, etc. —JF

Amazing!

Kevin Beary ["African Roots," March 10] quotes, to good effect, John Newton, the slave trader turned abolitionist. What many readers may not realize is that this same John Newton is the author of the words to "Amazing Grace," a hymn beloved by blacks and whites alike.

Daniel Love Glazer
Chicago, Ill.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Shape of Things to Come

Trade differences may get the headlines, but they are just a small part of what is, overall, a uniquely broad and constructive interaction between the U.S. and Japan. Americans and Japanese from various walks of life are communicating in a number of important ways—from contacts between professional and industry groups to educational exchanges and grass-roots forums.

Much of this dialog is focused on forward-looking subjects, such as the future of U.S.-Japan relations. One body that has adopted this agenda is the recently-established U.S.-Japan 21st Century Committee, whose honorary chairmen are former President George Bush and former Prime Minister Kiichi Miyazawa. This group of prestigious Americans and Japanese will present concrete recommendations to their respective governments. The deregulation of Japan's industry to encourage competition, and U.S. deficit reduction and tax reform have already been discussed, and both sides have called for expanded educational exchanges.

U.S.-Japan educational exchanges have a long history, with organizations like the American Field Service and the U.S.-Japan Student Conference playing a pioneering role. Each year Japan's JET Program brings 2,000 Americans to Japan as high school English teachers, and more than 80,000 Japanese students are currently studying in the U.S. through various exchange programs.

Business-to-business exchanges are also flourishing. The Southeast U.S./Japan Association is a good example. Over 600 American and Japanese business people and officials, including six state governors, attended the group's meeting in Memphis last October. And on the grass roots level, almost 400 U.S. and Japanese cities and towns have forged Sister City relationships, leading to a burgeoning exchange of people, policies and ideas.

The many varieties of U.S.-Japan interaction are not only a measure of the vitality of the U.S.-Japan relationship; they are also laying the groundwork for closer, more cooperative ties between the two countries in the future.

Japan Business Information Center
KEIZAI KOHO CENTER

The Japan Business Information Center is an independent, non-profit organization affiliated with the Keidanren (Japan Federation of Economic Organizations) and funded by private industry. Write us at 145 W. 57th Street, Dept. 100, New York, N.Y. 10019 (fax: 212-489-6211), or visit us at www.keidanren.or.jp.

This material is distributed by the Japan Business Information Center, which is registered with the Department of Justice, Washington, D.C., under the Foreign Agents Registration Act as an agent of the Keizai Koho Center, Tokyo, Japan. It is filed with the Department of Justice where the required registration statement is available for public inspection. Registration does not indicate approval of the contents of this material by the U.S. Government.

© 1997 Keizai Koho Center

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE EDITOR

Lippo Suckers

■ A wonderfully pompous letter from the "Executive Chair" of the Program Board of George Washington University demands a "public apology" for my "grave mistake," "lack of sensitivity," and "atrocious" comments to the *Washington Times,* which were also "unbecoming of a professional."

The grave mistake in question was our last cover illustration, Roman Genn's fine "The Manchurian Candidates," which the Asian-American branch of the Ethnic Grievance Industry alleges to be a racist attack on Asians and Asian-Americans in letters and faxes. The letter from GWU, incidentally, also demands that I "personally answer this letter in a timely fashion." Delighted to oblige.

Chair, prepare to be sat upon.

First, the cover *was* an attack—but not on Asians. It was a political joke at the expense of the President, the Vice President, and Mrs. Clinton in the context of the Asian fundraising scandal (which gives a new meaning to Lippo-suction). It showed them in various Asian guises, each appropriate to his personality and/or part in the scandal. Mr. Gore was a Buddhist monk soliciting donations from the faithful; Mrs. Clinton was Madame Mao—the more fanatically ideological partner of the Great Helmsman; and the President himself, all things to all men, took on the features, Zelig-like, of the Asian businessmen to whom he was serving coffee in the Oval Office.

So it was in no sense an attack on Asians or Asian-Americans unless you think that equating a social or ethnic group with the President constitutes an attack on it. If so, rednecks have a very strong case that they have been suffering from discrimination since Mr. Clinton entered office, WASPs for the four years before that, etc., etc. (That, by the way, was the gist of my "atrocious" comments to the *Washington Times*—just in case you were worried.)

The second charge is that the caricaturist dabbled in ethnic stereotypes. In fact, he employed one ethnic stereotype (Mr. Clinton in saucer hat, etc.), one religious stereotype (Mr. Gore in robes with begging bowl), and one political stereotype (Mrs. Clinton in the dungaree-type uniform of the Red Guards).

Are politicians and religions as well as ethnic groups now to be exempt from satire? This would mean a veritable cultural revolution as we burned such memorable cartoons as Peter Arno's image of the American halting his car in the desert and asking the Arab on the prayer mat: "Hey, Mac, is this the way to Mecca?"

Plainly this is a philistine objection to the nature of caricatures and cartoons as such. For these *require* exaggerated features and, where a social type is portrayed, a recognizable stereotype. Thus, a cartoonist who wants to depict an Englishman will show him wearing a monocle and bowler hat, a Frenchman in beret and striped jersey, a Russian in fur hat, dancing the gopak, etc.

A third complaint is that the cover blurred the distinction between Asians and Asian-Americans. How so? For it depicted neither group but leading white politicians soliciting Asian money. If such a charge is to be leveled at anyone, it should be directed at Clinton, Gore, and the Democratic National Committee, who laundered Asian money through American citizens, some of whom were Asian-Americans.

Of course, as Rich Lowry points out in this issue, the Clinton operation has quite consciously set out to appeal to Asian-Americans as a voting bloc in a larger political strategy of divide-and-rule the country along ethnic lines. The bottomless cynicism of this approach was revealed by the DNC memo suggesting that criticism of Clinton's fundraising fraud should be countered by the claim that such criticism was anti-Asian.

Nice try, guys. But NATIONAL REVIEW is a harder nut to crack than Texaco.

■ Meanwhile, if you have developed a taste for ethnic stereotypes from this row, please turn to page 42 where Roman Genn shows some *NR* stalwarts in full native dress. —JOHN O'SULLIVAN

NATIONAL REVIEW

April 7 issue; printed March 19

Editor
John O'Sullivan

Senior Editors
Peter Brimelow / Richard Brookhiser
Priscilla L. Buckley / Jeffrey Hart
Peter W. Rodman

Managing Editor: Linda Bridges
Washington Editor: Kate O'Beirne
Articles Editor: Andrew Oliver
Executive Editor: Matthew Carolan
Literary Editor: David Klinghoffer
National Political Reporter: Rich Lowry
National Reporter: Ramesh Ponnuru
Economics Analyst: Ed Rubenstein
Roving Correspondent: Radek Sikorski
Art Director: Luba Kolomytseva
Associate Editor: Karina Rollins
Executive Secretary: Frances Bronson
Assistant to the Editor-at-Large: Tony Savage
Assistant to the Editor: Jeanne Shanahan

Editorial Associates
Patricia B. Bozell / Tracy Lee Simmons
Jane Buckley Smith / Christopher R. Weinkopf

Editorial Services
Michael Ashton / Millie Fletcher
Michael A. Watkins

Research Director: Dorothy McCartney
Librarian: John J. Virtes
Research Assistant: Russell Jenkins

Contributing Editors
Elliott Abrams / Wick Allison / Hadley Arkes
Tom Bethell / Eliot A. Cohen / Brian Crozier
John Dizard / W. H. von Dreele
Andrew Ferguson / Neal B. Freeman
David Gelernter / John Gray / Florence King
Lawrence Kudlow / Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn
Anthony Lejeune / Mark R. Levin / Rob Long
Allan H. Meltzer / Stephen Moore
Richard John Neuhaus / Paul Craig Roberts
Peter Samuel / John Simon
Ralph de Toledano / Ernest van den Haag
Vin Weber / Timothy J. Wheeler

President
Thomas L. Rhodes

Editor-at-Large
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Contributors
Digby Anderson / Aram Bakshian Jr.
Baloo / James Bowman / David Brudnoy
Richard C. Carpenter / Donald Coxe
John R. Coyne Jr. / Dinesh D'Souza
M. Stanton Evans / Chester E. Finn Jr.
Doug Gamble / James Gardner / George Gilder
Victor Gold / Charles R. Kesler
James Jackson Kilpatrick / Jan Lukas
D. Keith Mano / Charles Burton Marshall
Forrest McDonald / Brad Miner / Thomas Molnar
Joe Mysak / Gerhart Niemeyer / Michael Novak
Grover Joseph Rees / Alan Reynolds
Selden Rodman / William A. Rusher / J. O. Tate
Terry Teachout / Taki Theodoracopulos
S. L. Varnado / Richard Vigilante
Charles Wallen Jr. / Chilton Williamson Jr.

Associate Publisher: Jack Fowler
Assistant to the Publisher: Kevin Longstreet
Assistant to the President: Barbara Nowack
Chief Financial Officer: James X. Kilbridge
Accounting Manager: Galina Veygman
Treasurer: Rose Flynn DeMaio

Business Services
Alex Batey / Julie Crane
Vickie Manca / Kristie Hong Woo

Washington Office Manager: Kathleen Meskill

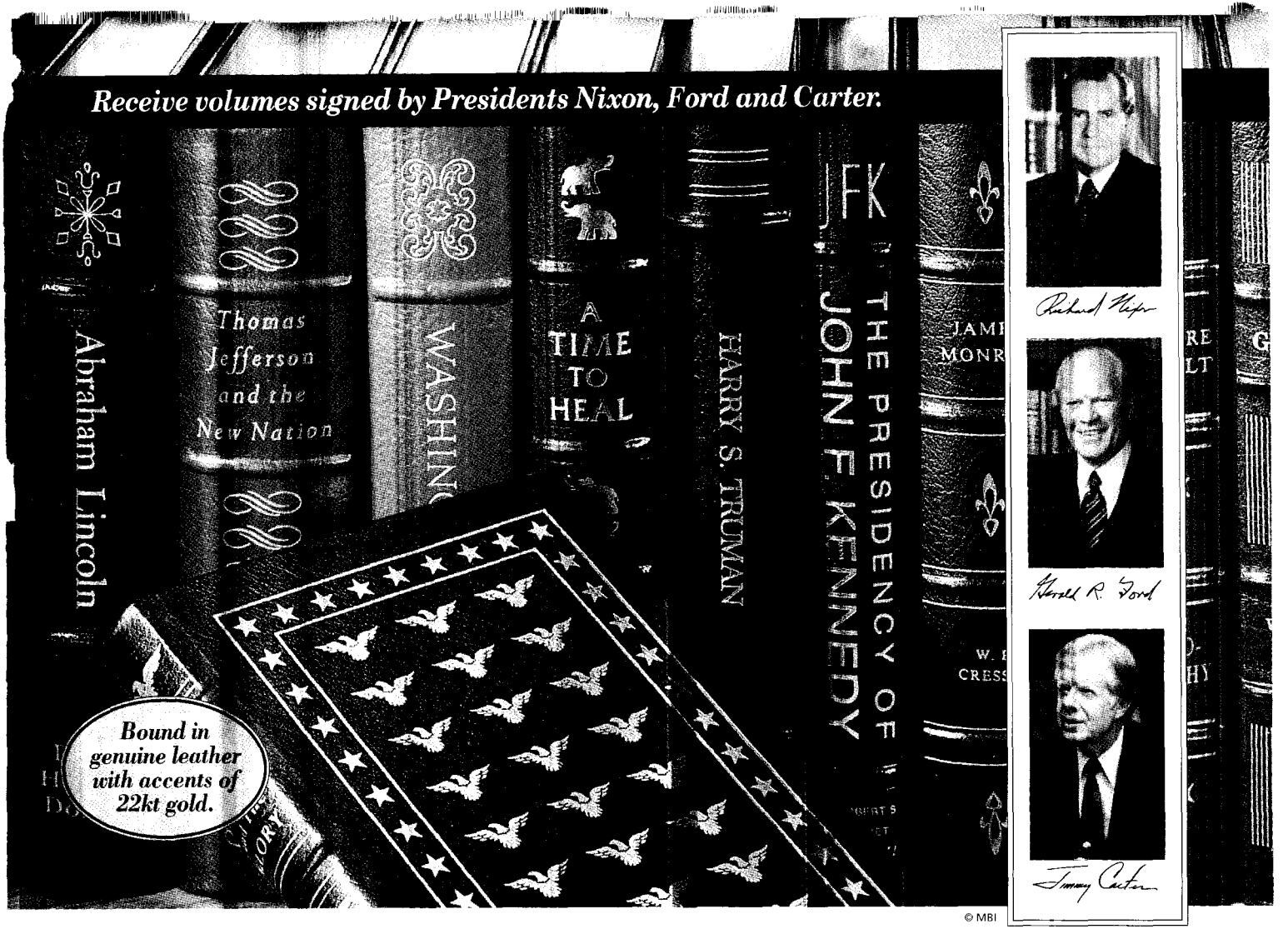
Circulation 212-679-7330
Circulation Director: Theresa Maloney
Circulation Manager: Jason Ng
World Wide Web http://www.nationalreview.com

Main Number 212-679-7330
Subscription Inquiries 815-734-1232
Washington Office 202-543-9226

Advertising Sales 212-679-7330
Advertising Manager: Scott F. Budd
Account Manager: Todd Westover
Account Representative: Kerin Coyle
Detroit Rep. Joseph J. Colucci 810-626-9918
Los Angeles Rep. Frank Malone 310-541-9997

Publisher
Edward A. Capano

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE LIBRARY OF THE PRESIDENTS

Now, you can hold history in your hands! Own the personally signed memoirs of Presidents Nixon, Ford and Carter. These historic volumes will be part of your presidential collection when you subscribe to the leather-bound *Library of the Presidents*. Subscribe now and receive Theodore Roosevelt's autobiography free with your second book.

The greatest library on the presidency ever assembled.

Now, for the first time, a magnificent library of leather-bound volumes pays tribute to each president from George Washington to Ronald Reagan. The collection includes the best presidential biographies by America's most acclaimed historians. Included are many Pulitzer Prize-winning works.

You will be an eyewitness to history, through the eyes of those who controlled America's destiny. There's no other vantage point like that of the Oval Office.

Beautiful leather-bound editions.

Each book is fully bound in premium-quality leather and accented with precious 22kt gold. Pages are printed on archival-quality paper, gilded and stitched into the binding. These heirloom-quality editions, the finest available, are priced at just $42 each.

Subscribe today and receive a free volume.

Only a limited number of collections are available, and each collection will contain all three signed presidential volumes. Subscribe now and receive Theodore Roosevelt's autobiography free. Satisfaction is guaranteed. Return any book within 30 days for full refund. Either party may cancel this subscription at any time.

RESERVATION APPLICATION

Easton Press
47 Richards Ave.
Norwalk, CT 06857

1-800-367-4534
Ext. 029-1810
Mon.-Fri., 8-6 E.T.

THE LIBRARY OF THE PRESIDENTS

Please send me the first volume in the leather-bound *Library of the Presidents*. I may cancel this subscription at any time and I may return any book within 30 days for a full refund.

☐ Please charge my credit card $42* for the first book and any further volumes I decide to keep.

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ Am. Ex. ☐ Discover

Credit Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

☐ I prefer to pay by check. Enclosed is $45.75 (includes shipping and handling) for my first volume. Check is payable to Easton Press.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Signature _____

*Plus $3.75 shipping and handling. Applicable sales tax will be billed with shipment. Prices are in U.S. funds. Orders subject to acceptance. Higher shipping/handling outside U.S.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOR THE RECORD

■ House Judiciary Chairman **Henry Hyde** (R., Ill.) orders study of impeachment procedures for President **Clinton**, in event there's a "smoking gun" in latest scandals. . . . **G. Gordon Liddy** on Watergate comparisons: "These are two incidents that are a generation apart and it looks as if we are going to come down to getting pretty close to, if not getting to, the same effect." . . . Defending President Clinton over fundraising scandals, **Garry Wills** points out in *New York Times*, "No one complains when **Chelsea**'s friends stay over." . . . Clinton official **Mickey Kantor** has no apologies for his effort to get Fannie Mae CEO to hire disgraced Clinton official **Webster Hubbell**'s son **Walter**: "You're darned right I was calling. It was a family that was going to go into a lot of pain. I was trying to help." . . . **Marty Peretz,** proprietor of *The New Republic,* explains Gore's fundraising practices—it was all Clinton's fault: "Because [Gore] did what was expected of him by a President hungry for cash at whatever cost, he finds himself, in the depiction of a scandal-hungry press, cutting a Clintonian figure." . . . *Time*/CNN survey finds 49 per cent of Americans don't think Gore would make a good President; only 34 per cent say he would.

■ Sen. **Mitch McConnell** (R., Ky.), GOP's most sensible voice on campaign-finance reform, assembles a press conference to oppose spending limits that includes representatives from ACLU, National Education Association, and National Association of Letter Carriers, as well as Christian Coalition, National Rifle Association, and other groups on the Right. . . . Rep. **John Doolittle** (R., Calif.) introduces a reform bill that would eliminate all limits on how much individuals, PACs, and political parties may contribute to candidates for national office, while requiring full public disclosure of contributions. . . . President Clinton taps former Sen. **Nancy Kassebaum Baker** (R., Kan.) and former Veep **Walter Mondale** to lead bi-partisan "citizens committee" promoting campaign reform. . . . **Jack Kemp**, meanwhile, at an Erie County, N.Y.., GOP dinner, calls campaign-finance reform "absolutely essential." . . . **Steve Forbes** finishes first in a **Fabrizio & McLaughlin** survey of presidential preferences at CPAC. Jack Kemp, **Pat Buchanan** place and show in that order.

■ A study by the National Taxpayers Union Foundation finds that witnesses testifying before GOP Congress in 1996 were overwhelmingly stacked in favor of higher spending. Some examples: In 1996 Veterans Affairs Committee Chairman **Bob Stump** (R., Ariz.) invited 22 witnesses to testify in favor of higher spending without a single witness to argue against more generous veterans benefits; Surface Transportation Subcommittee Chairman **Tom Petri** (R., Wis.) heard testimony from 111 advocates of higher spending and from only 5 calling for restraint. . . . Farm-state legislators complain over latest issue of Smithsonian children's magazine *Muse*. A cow looks out from cover over words, "Please don't eat me!" An article explains, "The hamburger on your plate is some dead cow's muscle." . . . **Michael Lerner**, editor of *Tikkun* magazine and originator of "the politics of meaning," weathers flap over revelation that he writes magazine's letters to the editor himself. According to a former *Tikkun* editor, only one of six letters in January–February 1991 issue of the magazine was written by a reader.

"Remember, Congressman, this money never touched my hands."

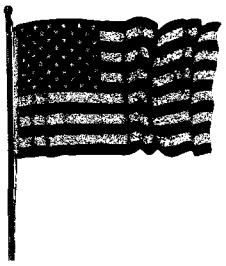
One of the faked letters began: "Your editorial stand on Iraq said publicly what many of us in the Israeli peace camp are feeling privately but dare not say."

■ The Presidential Inaugural Committee actually sells sets of four "collector's edition" phone credit cards with Clinton and Gore signatures. . . . Outside a California Democratic fundraiser attended by Al Gore, protestors pass out brochures for "Presidential Tours" and "White House Breakfast." . . . **Jay Leno** says of turmoil in Albania: "The whole country lost their life savings in a bankrupt pyramid scheme that was supported by the government. You know what they call it in this country—Social Security."

■ If NATO enlargement does not go ahead, British Foreign Sec. **Malcolm Rifkind** says, "the countries of Central Europe would conclude that they remained in Russia's sphere of influence . . . We would have a line drawn down the middle of Europe, just like the Iron Curtain." . . . While Prime Minister **Benjamin Netanyahu** was in Moscow talking up natural-gas deals to compete with Persian Gulf options, Brig. Gen. **Amos Gilad**, who heads Israeli Defense Forces research division, warned that Russia is strengthening its position in Mideast by delivering arms to Iran. . . . **Zila Netanyahu**, PM's 84-year-old mother, says of peace process, "There will be peace only if we cease to exist." . . . Despite months of intense backroom lobbying by Washington, Vatican established full diplomatic relations with Libya's **Muammar Qaddafi**, according to spokesman **Joaquin Navarro-Valls** because of recent "positive results" in the area of religious freedom. . . . Russians celebrated with **Mikhail T. Kalashnikov** the 50th anniversary of his AK-47, which has armed more fighters than any other gun in history. . . . Pres. **Jiang Zemin**, PM **Li Peng**, and four other politburo members, gathered to discuss China's population, which threatens to reach 1.3 billion in three years. . . . Five anti-smokers have sued PM **Ryutaro Hashimoto**, claiming his habit violates the constitution, which guarantees the Japanese a wholesome life.

■ At annual Gridiron dinner—a Beltway love-in—Gore suggests the Democrats will next try the Publisher's Clearinghouse approach to fundraising, sending a letter alerting recipients: "You may already be an ambassador."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The History of the United States

An extraordinary 70-lecture audio cassette presentation by three of our country's most electrifying college professors

It's history as you've never heard it before...
available whenever you wish in your home, your car, or even while you jog!

Have you ever listened enviously while someone you knew talked knowledgeably about American history?

It wasn't just that they remembered more from their college history classes than you. It was that they understood how the pieces fit *together.* And what all of those past events mean to the United States *today.*

More than that, they made it all sound so much more *interesting* than the history you remember from your own years in school.

And that's exactly the point. The history your friend learned in school *was* more interesting—because he or she was lucky enough to have one of those rare and gifted teachers who could make history come alive so they would *remember* it. A teacher who made those once-moribund tales pulsate with the human feelings that drive the engine of history.

But now you, too, can have not one, but *three* of these brilliant teachers—in a remarkable new 70-lecture SuperCourse being offered at a truly extraordinary price!

And, best of all, the course is being offered by The Teaching Company—the nationally renowned education company that puts America's finest college lecturers *on tape,* so that anyone with a hunger to learn can enjoy their extraordinary teaching skills anywhere, at any time!

Thousands of men and women have already discovered The Teaching Company's star-studded roster of classroom stars: the lecturers identified by the students they teach as the most electrifying and dynamic professors from the finest college campuses in the nation.

But until now no one, not even our most loyal customers, has ever seen a history course like this one—a 70-lecture display of classroom genius covering almost 400 years of cultural collision, intellectual ferment, thundering battlegrounds and moral confrontation.

It's American History as you've rarely heard it before, from the bacterial deathtrap that doomed Jamestown's original settlers to the unrest of the Great Depression—a time so bitter that a U.S. President and his wife actually carried *handguns* into a White House reception because of their fear of assassination!

In the hands of these three marvelous teachers, you'll visit Salem, Massachusetts and learn the real motivations behind the great witch trials...listen in horror as flames devour the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory and launch a new era of social consciousness...and observe how the end of the 75-year Cold War unleashes its own new tensions on a nation trying to prepare for a new century.

And because these lectures are on convenient audio cassettes, you'll be able to enjoy this remarkable educational experience at your own pace, with no exams or grades to worry about, all for the sheer pleasure of learning!

Normally, a 70-lecture SuperCourse from The Teaching Company would sell for $399.95. And the seven individual parts would sell for $89.95 each.

But because we want as many people as possible to discover the joy of learning from America's most gifted and exciting teachers, we are offering the *complete course*—all 70 lectures—for only $299.95, a savings of $100 from the regular price and $330 from the total price of the individual parts.

The course is packaged with outlines and a recommended reading list, and it carries The Teaching Company's unconditional guarantee of satisfaction.

If the joy of learning for its own sake appeals to you, please respond today. We'll give you the kind of teachers you've always wanted and deserve.

...D TODAY AND SAVE ... THIS SPECIAL O... THE TEACHING CO...

Your SuperStar Teachers®

Professor Darren Staloff, The City College of New York (Parts I & II)
Gifted with a wonderful ability to immerse his students in the day-to-day lives of an extraordinarily diverse range of people, Professor Staloff is the author of the forthcoming *The Making of an American Thinking Class: Intellectuals and Intelligentsia in Puritan Massachusetts.*

Professor Louis Masur, The City College of New York (Parts III & IV)
A winner of Harvard's John Clive Prize for Excellence in Teaching, Professor Masur has an electrifying gift for putting flesh and blood on *ideas,* making them as real and exciting as any historical battle.

Professor James Shenton, Columbia University (Parts V, VI & VII)
A campus legend for more than 40 years for the depth, drama and sheer grandeur of his teaching, Professor Shenton has received virtually every honor Columbia can bestow, including the 1973 Mark van Doren Teaching Prize.

(Plus guest lectures by Michael Sugrue, Princeton University)

LIFETIME SATISFACTION GUARANTEE!

Almost 400 years of historical panorama brought vividly to life in lectures so spellbinding you'll think you were there!

Part I: Patterns of Settlement and Society
Introduction...The English Context: Society, Religion and Politics...The Disruption of Amerindian Life...The Struggle for Survival...Social Conflict and Slavery in the Chesapeake...The Religion of Puritans...Political Structures in New England...New England Society...The New Proprietaries: The Middle Colonies...The New Proprietaries: The Deep South

Part II: Maturation and Independence
The Structure of Empire...Slavery and African-American Life...Women and the Family...The Great Awakening...Eighteenth-Century Colonial Politics...Sources of Disorder and Conflict...The Causes of the American Revolution...From Protest to Revolution...The Revolutionary War...The Meaning of Revolution

Part III: The Making of a Nation
The Problem of National Identity...A Republican Experiment...Crisis and Constitution...The Debate over Ratification...Federalists versus Republicans...The Age of Capital...Westward Expansion...The Second Party System...Southern Society...Slavery and Race

Part IV: The Crisis of Nationhood
Revivalism and Reform...Antislavery Movements...The Transcendentalist Movement...Immigration and Nativism...The Crises of the 1850s...Lincoln and the Coming of Civil War...The Course of War...Emancipation...The Meanings of Freedom...Reconstructing the United States

Part V: The Making of Modern America
The Compromise of 1877...The Making of a Racial Policy...The Emergence of Modern America...The Rise of the City...Imperialism: America as a World Power...Progressivism...The New Freedom...World War I: America Goes Abroad...After the War: The Long Armistice...The Twenties: A Cultural Revolution

Part VI: Liberalism and the Cold War
The Great Depression...Franklin D. Roosevelt and the New Deal...The Election of 1936 and its Aftermath...The Developing Crises in the Pacific...The Coming of World War II...The Undeclared War and the Abandonment of Neutrality...World War II...The War in Europe...The Truman Years: Portrait of Everyman as President...An Uneasy Peace: The Korean War

Part VII: Consensus and Conflict
Kennedy and the New Frontier...LBJ and the Great Society...Black America: Demand for Equality...The Vietnam War: The War Without End...Richard M. Nixon and Watergate...The Reagan Years: Overturning the Great Society...The Gulf War: Oil and American Middle Eastern Policy...The End of the Cold War...A Multicultural America...Conclusion: Interpreting the American Past

To order, use the coupon or call

1-800-TEACH-12
(1-800-832-2412)

please refer to ***Offer Code 4503***
or FAX: **703-912-7756**

THE TEACHING COMPANY®
7405 Alban Station Court, Suite A-107
Springfield, VA 22150-2318

Offer Code 4503 **SALE PRICE!**

Please send me *The History of the United States,* or the following parts, each consisting of ten 45-minute lectures on audio cassette with complete lecture outlines and a handsome storage case.

☐ **Complete 70-lecture course at special sale price of only $299.95 (reg. price $399.95) plus $20 S&H.**

Individual parts $89.95 each plus $5 S&H each.

☐ Part I ☐ Part II ☐ Part III ☐ Part IV
☐ Part V ☐ Part VI ☐ Part VII

*Note: Virginia residents please add 4.5% sales tax.

☐ Check or Money Order enclosed

☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard ☐ AMEX ☐ Discover

ACCOUNT NUMBER

SIGNATURE EXP. DATE

NAME (PLEASE PRINT)

MAILING ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

PHONE *(If we have questions regarding your order)*

☐ **Please send me a free copy of your complete catalog of over 80 courses (no purchase necessary)**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEEK

■ Congress is expected to approve less forceful air bags. They already exist—they're called Republicans.

■ In *Lolita*, the delusional Humbert Humbert resolves to kill one of his imagined persecutors—but can't manage to do a decent job of it. Humbert shoots him once, and then again, and again; only after much comic absurdity does his target finally die. Unfortunately, it is a scene reminiscent of the GOP's attacks on CIA nominee Tony Lake. It was clear from the beginning that Lake, a traditional 1960s liberal deeply distrustful of American power and its uses, was not up to the job. But Senate Republicans—always unwilling to criticize Clinton nominees on the basis of their ideas—talked instead about Lake's stocks and his involvement in Bosnian arms deals. Even when the disastrous breakdowns in Lake's National Security Council staff came to light (supposedly no one thought to tell his superiors that the Chinese were trying to buy the U.S. election), Republicans still seemed destined to confirm Lake. It was finally a *Wall Street Journal* report on how Lake's NSC got rolled by the Democratic National Committee over a Lebanese donor's access to the White House that finished Lake's nomination. The good news is that Lake is being kept from a job for which he is so obviously ill-equipped. The bad news is that Republicans are as squeamish about taking on Clinton nominees as ever. The day after Lake withdrew, the Senate began hearings on Labor Secretary–designate Alexis Herman, a woman who has made a dishonorable career out of cynical racial politics and insider connections. She can expect soon to have a seat at Cabinet meetings—courtesy of a Senate Republican majority that not only lacks the courage of its convictions, but seems actively afraid of them.

■ MEDICAL FRONTIERS DEPT. News of a psychiatric advance called rage-reduction therapy might have escaped us, except that a patient so treated sued. The patient was to experience rage "in a controlled and loving environment," which turned out to mean being held down, punched, and asked what she was angry about. ("You," she said.) Courts awarded her $8.4 million, and the rage reducers are now out of business. Pioneers are always misunderstood in their own time.

■ President Clinton announces himself to be "angry and close to despondent" at Anthony Lake's withdrawal. In that dangerous frame of mind, Mr. Clinton needs rage-reduction therapy *at once*.

■ Newt Gingrich is the latest high-profile Republican to say that fighting to cut taxes in this year's budget battle just isn't worth it. His defection is another indication that Republicans are headed for a pain-is-good budget deal with the moderate Blue Dog Democrats, which will leave them open to another two years of Democratic demagoguery. There are two ways the GOP can avoid a reprise of the 1995–96 budget disaster. The first, proposed by Sen. Phil Gramm (R., Tex.), is a plan that includes the "Greatest Hits" of Clinton budgets. Gramm takes Clinton's proposed Medicare savings from this year ($100 billion over five years), and his proposed Medicaid ($32 billion) and discretionary ($233 billion) savings from last year. Then, he moves up the President's budget-enforcement mechanisms to this year, and makes Clinton's proposed tax cut a net rather than gross number. The result is a budget that shows balance in 2002, cuts taxes by about $100 billion, and should be nearly demagogue-proof. The other alternative is simply to announce that there will never be a real balanced budget while there is a Democrat in the White House. Republicans could then abandon their fixation on the mystical year 2002, and concentrate on reducing the deficit and cutting taxes in the near term. Otherwise, they will find themselves making a long return march to Waterloo.

■ "If there had been a shred of doubt in my mind that anything I did was a violation of law, I assure you I would not have done that," Al Gore assures you. Just when he shredded his doubts, he did not make clear.

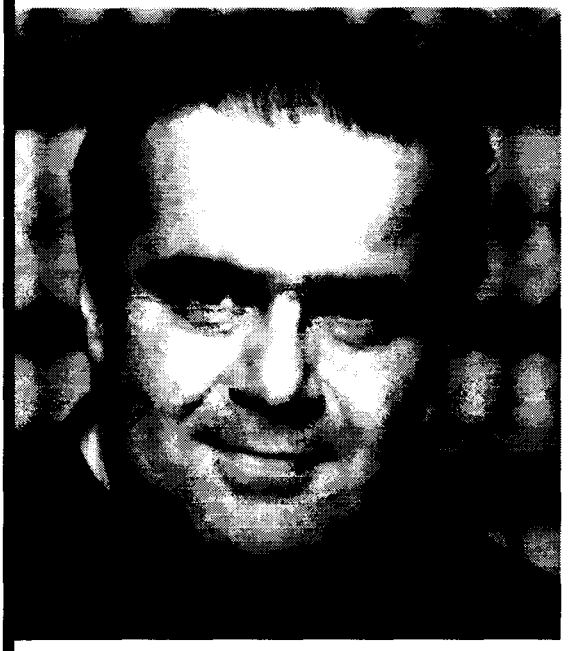
■ The Senate Immigration Subcommittee was supposed to have five members: three Republicans—Spencer Abraham (Mich.), Jon Kyl (Ariz.), and Charles Grassley (Iowa)—and two Democrats—Edward Kennedy (Mass.) and Dianne Feinstein (Calif.). But Sens. Abraham and Kennedy, realizing that they might be outvoted, went to Orrin Hatch, Chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee, and got permission to increase the subcommittee to four Republicans and three Democrats. Mr. Abraham tried unsuccessfully to recruit Mike DeWine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Matter of Interpretation

Federal Courts and the Law

ANTONIN SCALIA



Edited by Amy Gutmann

In this incisive new book, Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia shares his opinions about the law in general and the role of judges in particular. In his unique style, both erudite and witty, he exhorts judges to resist the temptation to rely on the intent and history of legislation in making decisions. Instead, he argues, they should give up trying to understand what lawmakers meant and focus on what they actually wrote into law.

Scalia extends his reasoning to constitutional law as well, proposing that we give up our notion of an ever-changing Constitution and pay attention to the Constitution's original meaning. He emphatically rejects the idea that judges can properly "smuggle" in new rights for new times.

A Matter of Interpretation includes responses from four writers with differing points of view: Gordon Wood, Laurence Tribe, Mary Ann Glendon, and Ronald Dworkin. In the spirit of debate, Justice Scalia responds to these critics.

This is an unusual and compelling book. It offers the rare opportunity of witnessing a sitting Supreme Court Justice in dialogue with some of the best legal minds of our time. It is a book that will be widely discussed.

The Princeton University Center for Human Values Series

Cloth: $19.95 ISBN 0-691-02630-0

Available at all fine bookstores. Featured at the stores listed below.

Coliseum Books
1771 Broadway
New York, NY 10019
212-757-8103

Harvard Book Store
1256 Massachusetts Ave.
Cambridge, MA 02138
617-661-0494

Barnes and Noble
Boston University
300 Beacon St.
Boston, MA 02215
617-236-7412

Yale Co-op
77 Broadway
New Haven, CT 06520
203-772-2200

Cornell Campus Store
Ithaca, NY 14853
607-255-3421

Book House of Stuyvesant Plaza
Albany, NY 12203
515-489-4761

Princeton University Store
36 University Place
Princeton, NJ 08540
609-921-8500

Olsson's Books and Records
1239 Wisconsin Ave. NW
Washington, DC 20007
202-338-9544

Politics and Prose
5015 Connecticut Ave. NW
Washington, DC 20008
202-364-1919

Sidney Kramer Books
1025 I St. NW
Washington, DC 20006
202-293-2685

Trover Bookshop
221 Pennsylvania Ave. SE
Washington, DC 20003
202-543-8006

Washington Law Books
1900 G St. NW
Washington, DC 20006
202-223-5543

Seminary Co-op Bookstore
5757 S. University Ave.
Chicago, IL 60637
312-752-4351
800-777-1456

Brent Books and Cards, Ltd.
309 W. Washington St.
Chicago, IL 60606
312-364-0126

Books and Co.
350 E. Stroop Rd.
Dayton, OH 45429
513-298-6540

Booksellers at Rocky River
21611 Center Ridge Rd.
Rocky River, OH 44116
216-333-7828

Indiana University Bookstore
Indiana Memorial Union
Bloomington, IN 47405
812-855-8487

The Library, Ltd. Bookstore
7700 Forsyth
St. Louis, MO 63105
800-927-8834

Rice Campus Store
6100 S. Main
Houston, TX 77005
713-527-4052

University Co-op
2246 Guadalupe
Austin, TX 78713
512-476-7211

BYU Bookstore
Brigham Young University
Provo, UT 84602
801-378-3584

Sam Weller's Zion Bookstore
254 South Main St.
Salt Lake City, UT 84101
801-328-2586

Tattered Cover
2955 East First Ave.
Denver, CO 80206
303-322-7727

The Elliot Bay Book Co.
101 S. Main
Seattle, WA 98104
206-624-6600

University Bookstore
4326 University Way NE
Seattle, WA 98105
206-634-3400

University of Oregon Bookstore
895 E. Thirteenth Ave.
Eugene, OR 97403
541-346-4331

Huntley Bookstore
8th at Dartmouth
Claremont, CA 91711
909-621-8168

University Press Books
2430 Bancroft Way
Berkeley, CA 94704
510-548-0585

Princeton University Press

VISIT OUR WEBSITE: PUP.PRINCETON.EDU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Ohio) as the fourth Republican, but settled for Arlen Specter (Pa.), another supporter of the status quo. Mr. Kennedy had a choice between Richard Durbin (Ill.) and Robert Torricelli (N.J.), so he had his staff analyze their votes in the last session, when they both were members of the House. Mr. Kennedy approved of 45 per cent of Torricelli's votes, but 80 per cent of Durbin's. Sen. Durbin got the nod. But all is not lost. The rules of the Senate do not require that floor amendments be germane to the bill being debated, so any senator can introduce immigration reform as an amendment to any legislation being debated on the Senate floor. All that's needed is a senator with the courage to do the right thing.

■ In a recent speech, Sen. Orrin Hatch remarked that "some will be incredulous . . . and others perhaps disappointed" with *NR*'s recent cover labeling him a "Latter-Day Liberal" (March 10). What were we thinking? By the way, Hatch was 1) speaking at a Children's Defense Fund conference 2) to salute "the outstanding advocates for children" there and 3) unveil the Hatch–Kennedy bill ("The Child Health Insurance and Lower Deficit Act, or the Child Bill as we are calling it") that would 4) create a new federal health-care entitlement for kids. Evidently we have given Senator Hatch a reputation to defend.

■ In a recent editorial ("Unimpeachable Sources," Feb. 10), *NR* called on Congress to consider impeaching out-of-control judges such as U.S. District Judge Thelton Henderson, who blocked California's Proposition 209. Now House Majority Whip Tom DeLay (Tex.) has taken our advice. "Articles of impeachment" against one judge in Texas "are being written right now," and others will soon follow. This has prompted a chorus of boos, including some from *The New Republic*'s sensible Michael Kelly: "This was never intended by the Framers." Nonsense. One Framer, James Madison, helped mastermind the 1805 impeachment of Supreme Court Justice Samuel Chase, for giving political lectures to grand juries. Other Framers, such as Alexander Hamilton, opposed the move, and it failed in the Senate. But the remedy remains in the Constitution, available against judges like Henderson, who give lectures to entire electorates.

■ A memo has surfaced in which former presidential aide Harold Ickes outlines a direct-mail strategy for the DNC. First, the bait: get Republicans to accept a lower cost-of-living formula for indexing Social Security benefits. Then, the switch: a fundraising letter accusing Republicans of "trying to use a cowardly, backdoor political gimmick to take tens of billions of dollars out of the pockets of senior citizens." Ah, bi-partisanship.

■ John Moran, former finance chairman of the Republican National Committee and the Dole campaign, thinks the "hard Right" has captured his party. He wants big donors to stop giving money to the GOP and instead fund a group trying to move the party leftward. "Yes, the moderates have the money and the hard Right has the organization," he tells *New York Times* columnist Frank Rich, "but you can build all kinds of organizations with money." Coming soon, a Republican jobs program: hiring voters.

■ As Boris Yeltsin joked at a pre-summit news conference in Moscow, the world was expecting an ailing Yeltsin and a healthy Clinton to meet in Helsinki, and found the reverse. But Clinton's bad knee was not the only advantage the suddenly vigorous Yeltsin had gained. In negotiations over a "charter" to govern NATO's long-term relations with Russia, the West is giving away the store. Ostensibly to reassure the Russians that an enlarged NATO would not be a threat, the "charter" is becoming the blueprint for a Russian seat at NATO's table, as well as an excuse for other reassurances—e.g., that NATO would not deploy eastward to defend new Alliance members. If NATO is totally neutered, the Central Europeans may not want to join. Already some of them warn against too many concessions to Moscow. They are right.

■ Boris Yeltsin would have preferred to come to the White House for his meeting with President Clinton, but he couldn't afford the $50,000 for an overnight stay.

■ The rebellion in Albania, ostensibly provoked by the collapse of pyramid savings schemes, shows how left-wing the instincts of the Western press remain. (See "Revolutionary Coup," p. 24.) First it portrayed the elected president, Sali Berisha, as a tyrant, publicizing his relatively minor shortcomings with a zeal that was utterly lacking during the preceding fifty years of Communism, when thousands of political prisoners were executed, any Albanian who tried to leave was shot as a "deserter," and private prayer could result in twenty years in a labor camp. Second, it described the rebellion as a spontaneous uprising rather than as a coup by an unsavory alliance of former Communists and mafiosi. It failed to mention that the trouble started when Berisha tried to clamp down on the mafia, or that the opposition was as deeply implicated in the pyramid schemes as the government. By exaggerating the monetary losses—e.g., using the term "life savings" in writing of a country that until five years ago

In the Star Chamber

Anthony Lake, beginning to look
Like a soufflé Escoffier shook
Just as he inched it out of the stove,
Muffled a sigh while senators dove
Into a past that worried the spooks
Out in the cold disguised in perukes.

—W. H. von Dreele

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUNG AMERICA'S FOUNDATION

19TH ANNUAL

National Conservative Student Conference

WASHINGTON, D.C.
JULY 20-26

"I can truly say I learned more about economics, history and freedom at your conference than I learned in my four years of school."

Michael Minarik
James Madison University

The National Conservative Student Conference brings college students to Washington, D.C. to explore conservative ideas, public policy issues, and strategies for surviving on campus. Students meet with congressmen, leaders of the conservative movement, and get to know other right-minded students from across the country. The National Conservative Student Conference equips students with effective defenses of their beliefs and often draws nationwide media coverage.

"I have had a once-in-a-lifetime experience here at the summer conference. Rarely will you have the opportunity to spend a solid week surrounded by like-minded people with whom you share a vision for the future of America."

Kathryn Lopez
Catholic University

Please call us to find out about our separate high school conference set for June 18-22!

Previous speakers include:

Newt Gingrich
Tom Clancy
Dinesh D'Souza
Walter Williams
Robert Novak

YOUNG AMERICA'S FOUNDATION

F. M. Kirby Freedom Center
110 Elden Street
Herndon, Virginia 20170

"The role of Young America's Foundation in counterbalancing the liberal bias on many college campuses is vital."

Trent Lott
Senate Majority Leader

For more information and an application, please call

1-800-292-9231

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was completely demonetized—it legitimized violence. As a result of these distortions, Western governments have left Berisha in the lurch. Albania has been betrayed by Western intellectuals—not, alas, for the first time.

■ Former NAACP honcho Ben Chavis has changed his name to "Chavis Muhammad" and announced his spiritual transformation: he now belongs to the Nation of Islam and works directly for Louis Farrakhan. A former minister in the United Church of Christ, Mr. Muhammad explained that "the same God that called me into the Christian ministry called me into the Nation of Islam." Ah, that explains a lot. For instance, why has God been so tardy in bringing about the Day of Judgment, in which white people, created all those centuries ago in the sinister genetic laboratory of mad scientist Dr. Yacub, finally get their due? He must be having a little trouble tying His bowtie.

■ "Brutishness," "cynicism," "sad," "sordid," "repellent," "without a hint of embarrassment." Those are some of the terms applied by *The New Republic*'s Stephen Glass to what he saw going on, in between speeches by Newt Gingrich, Alan Keyes, and Ralph Reed, at this year's Conservative Political Action Conference. If Mr. Glass is reporting accurately, the behavior ranged from vodka-induced rowdiness to cocaine snorting, semi-naked heavy petting in a public restroom, and an entirely naked mass makeout session in a hotel room. Reports of such antics by young people—even young conservatives—come as little surprise, alas. No social group is likely to be exempt from the consequences of a brutalized and vulgarized popular culture. Which brings us to the narrative frame Mr. Glass gives to his account. He begins the article by introducing several CPAC kids as they drunkenly plan an astonishingly cruel hoax: they will go to a bar, one of them will cozy up to a lonely, plain girl, he will take her back to his room and get her undressed, at which point the rest of the gang will pop out and take her photograph. At the end of the article, the group does exactly this. Mr. Glass went along, scribbling away as the poor young woman ran out the door screaming. At no point did he feel the need to obstruct the cruelty. How to describe a journalist who participates in such a stunt, in pursuit of a story? Brutish, cynical, sad, sordid, repellent, without a hint of embarrassment? Something like that.

■ At this moment, children across California are writing suicide notes. They are also writing their own eulogies and obituaries, and visiting mortuaries. It is all part of a trend in the public schools toward suicide-prevention classes, in which warning signs are identified and kids are encouraged to turn in fellow students if they say things like "I'd like to blow my head off." Now required in 41 per cent of California school districts (15 per cent nationwide), the classes are supposed to discourage students from killing themselves, but it is hard not to sympathize with worried parents who say that teachers' talking about actual methods will inevitably put the idea in some kids' minds, in the same way that sex-ed classes make teen sex seem less shameful and more like an approved option.

■ No word yet on whether California's suicide classes will be expanded to include art appreciation, but if so, Jack Kevorkian would make an excellent consultant. He has just released a CD of his jazz flute compositions called *A Very Still Life: The Kevorkian Suite*—an accompaniment to his oil paintings, on sale in Royal Oak, Michigan, which depict severed heads, bloody corpses, and a skull with flowers growing out of the eye sockets. The pictures are "for enjoying; they're for thinking," the good doctor explained. Reportedly, his work takes your breath away.

Janet Reno's Agony

It's awkward working for the king
When one's retainers fail to bring
His Majesty up to a speed
That keeps him briefed and on his feed.
In Tudor times, bad girls would cower
With just a nightie in the Tower.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Chinese Puzzles

"ONE of the weak sides of republics, among their numerous advantages, is that they afford too easy an inlet to foreign corruption" (*The Federalist Papers*, #22). Publius was not the only Founder to worry about such a thing. The debates over the Constitution were filled with anxiety about America's vulnerability to foreign meddling.

Ironically, meddling never reached the highest levels of our government when the country was puny and surrounded by the colonies of unfriendly superpowers. That had to wait two hundred years, when the White House was penetrated by possible Chinese agents of influence.

Like all the other Clinton scandals, this one is hydra-headed. But the outline is simple: the President turned the White House into a campaign money-raising machine; then he opened this machine to foreigners. Wang Jun, the Chinese arms merchant; Johnny Chung, who National Security Council staffers warned was a "hustler"; Pauline Kanchanalak, a Thai businesswoman whose firm does major business with Communist China; John Huang, of the Commerce Department, the Democratic National Committee, and the Indonesian House of Riady, which also does major such business—they went back and forth through the doors of the White House and the DNC as if passing through subway turnstiles.

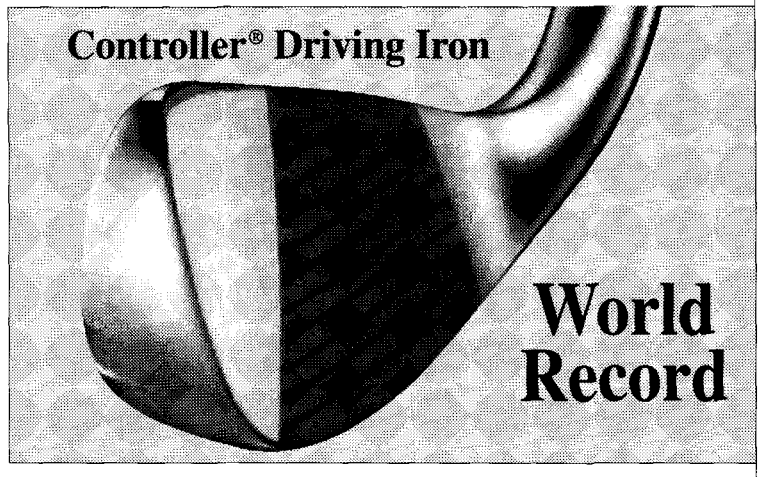
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by Mike Hensen

Two New Driving Irons Challenge Woods on Distance. One Sets a World Record; the Other Is One Yard Short.

Patented Surfaces Automatically Correct Hooks and Slices

Trouble with Woods? *These Are for You*



YALESVILLE, CT– The same small Connecticut company that created a golf ball that *flies* too far has introduced two new driving irons that *hit* too far; way too far if you happen to sell woods. Mike Smith, a PGA Pro, recently set a World Record off the grass with the company's 17° driving iron, and stopped just one yard short of matching the record for a *driver* with its 12.5° counterpart. His shots were 335 and 358 yards respectively.

These are troublesome distances for wood manufacturers, but that may not be their biggest worry. *These clubs keep the ball on the fairway*, a characteristic drivers and fairway woods sorely lack. Official statistics show that even the top ten money-makers on the Tour miss the fairway with their driver 25% of the time. So don't feel alone if you have trouble with your woods, relief is on the way. A company spokesman told me this.

PATENTED "INVISIBLE" CURVE AUTOMATICALLY CORRECTS HOOKS AND SLICES

"We made these clubs for golfers who are fed up spraying shots left and right with their driver and 3-wood. And millions do. If the best ten golfers in the business have trouble with woods, imagine how tough they are for the rest of us. So we designed the Controllers (the clubs' name).

"Our initial test with the Controllers showed that a mid-80's golfer could get 30 to 50 more yards off the grass with our 17° Fairway Controller, and match or beat his driver with our 12.5° Tee Shot Controller. Mike's World Record and comments from other pros, including a former Master's champ, confirm that these are the clubs of the future.

"But power without accuracy doesn't cut strokes, and that's where we have wood manufacturers by the throat. Our Controllers have *patented accuracy*."

The Controllers' patented accuracy comes from a scientific head design that reduces hooks and slices. No other iron has it. Indeed, *can* have it.

It works like this. If you hit a ball off the toe of an ordinary iron, it will start off to the right, as the impact "opens" the clubface. But then a stronger force, called the gear effect, takes over and spins the ball violently to the left. The reverse happens with a heel shot. It "closes" the club face and starts off to the *left*, then the gear effect slices it wildly to the right.

The Controller driving irons have a patented "invisible" curve (you can feel it, but barely see it) across their hitting surface that *tames* the stronger gear effect and draws off-center shots back to the middle of the fairway. It's a major golfing breakthrough and, along with their massive power, probably makes the Controllers the longest and straightest clubs in golf today.

One golfer told me, it was "...the first time I've played 18 holes and never left the fairway." Another said he cut six strokes, and vowed he would never play with his driver or 3-wood again.

Top Ten Money-Makers on the Tour Miss the Fairway with Their Driver 25% of the Time

So let me ask you. Do you have trouble with woods? If you do, there's no risk testing one or both of these new, super irons. The company will refund their price, if their unique combination of World Record power and patented accuracy doesn't cut 5 to 10 strokes off your score, and you return them undamaged within 30 days.

To try one or both Controllers, call the company direct at **1-800-285-3900** anytime or day, or send your name, address and check (or cc number and exp. date) to NGC Golf (Dept. DS-583), 60 Church St., Yalesville, CT 06492. The steel shaft Controller Tee Shot (12.5°) and Fairway Controller (17°) cost $69.00 each. Both cost $119.00. The graphite shaft models cost $89.00 each. Both are only $159.00. Add $10.00 s/h/ins. CT and NY add sales tax. No P.O. boxes. All shipments UPS. Specify right or left handed, regular or stiff flex, men's or ladies'.

© Bost Enterprises, Inc. 1997 **Dept. DS-583**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is unlikely to be a smoking gun—a memo that says, "Got the hundred thou. Go soft on human rights. [Signed] BC." But Bill Clinton, who campaigned against the Bush Administration's *Realpolitik* stance on China, experienced a change of heart, even as the Chinese money soaked in. If all that happened was an "appearance of impropriety," it is an appearance of improprieties far graver than anything else Mr. Clinton has been accused of—or indeed than any other President has ever committed. Other Administrations harbored crooks; Richard Nixon obstructed justice. The Clinton Administration has sailed to the very edge of espionage and treason.

Probably Mr. Clinton and his friends are not even aware that this is what they have done. The patriotism of Mr. Clinton, who dodged the draft at Oxford, was pallid enough. He is surrounded by advisors who interpret free trade, not as the self-enrichment of fellow citizens, but as its opposite: transnational deal-making among wire-pullers, *à la* Ron Brown. The truth about the Administration's dealings must be uncovered.

Meanwhile, the deeper questions of China policy, which antedated the fundraising scandal, require serious thought quite apart from it. China's military buildup is proceeding rapidly and looks like a serious strategic challenge. Human-rights violations are getting worse (all dissident leaders are now in jail or in exile, and Christians are systematically persecuted). Prospects for Hong Kong's freedom look bleak.

Debate over China will be uncomfortable for Republicans, because they are divided. Our friends at *The Weekly Standard* see China as the last "evil empire," and as a galvanizing issue at home, comparable to Henry Jackson's and Ronald Reagan's campaign against U.S.–Soviet détente in the 1970s. They are joined by the Religious Right, correctly outraged by Chinese persecution of Christians. Other Republicans, closer to the Nixon–Ford–Bush school, lean toward a posture of deterring Chinese challenges by maintaining our naval power and Pacific alliances coupled with efforts to tame the dragon by economic engagement. The business community supports this approach.

NR has never been sentimental about the Communist

Political Notebook

IN a March 3 memo, the Senior Minority Counsel on the Senate Governmental Affairs Committee outlines for Sen. John Glenn (Ohio) what he hopes will be the ranking Democrat's contribution to the Asiagate investigation—11 subpoenas on conservative activist groups. The list, since forwarded to committee chairman Fred Thompson (R., Tenn.), reads like a "Who's Who" of the conservative movement, including Citizens for a Sound Economy, the Christian Coalition, and Grover Norquist's Americans for Tax Reform.

In mid March, Senate Republicans agreed to open the door to this potential harassment of their allies after a high-stakes battle over the scope of Sen. Thompson's investigation. Thompson, the hulking 54-year-old former actor who looks the part of a President and wants to play one in real life, laid the predicate for this in February by acceding to the demands of Democrats for an investigation broad enough to include a hunt for GOP wrongdoing.

This set off alarm bells among his Republican colleagues, who fear he will keep stoking his amazing media hype by playing the bi-partisan reformer at their expense. So, privately, they discussed shutting Thompson down and, instead, hoping for an independent counsel.

Majority Leader Trent Lott avoided the fantastic spectacle of Republicans scrapping their own investigation with a deal passed through the Senate Rules Committee. Thompson would get his high-profile investigation, but his committee's mandate would be confined to "illegal" activities, ensuring that he would spend time investigating Al Gore, not Grover Norquist. The situation seemed saved—except that Lott didn't have his votes nailed down, including that of Fred Thompson.

From the start, Senate leadership aides have bristled at what they characterize as Thompson's arrogance and "free-lancing." They complain that he didn't consult the leadership when he first ran into trouble with Democrats on his committee and wasn't forthright about the depth of his opposition to the Lott-brokered compromise. It's unclear to what extent Thompson and his ally John McCain (R., Ariz.) worked against the Lott language among their colleagues, but leadership aides fume over the pair's efforts to spike the deal.

The question came to a head at the weekly Tuesday Republican policy committee lunch in the Capitol. McCain first spoke up for broadening Thompson's inquiry to include "illegal and improper" activities. An angry discussion ensued in which it became increasingly clear that an eclectic collection of senators would hand Thompson a key victory. The usual weak sisters, like Arlen Specter (Pa.), wanted a broader inquiry. But so did others.

Republicans who serve on Thompson's committee, like Susan Collins (Me.) and freshman Sam Brownback (Kan.), had voted in favor of Thompson's original broad language in committee and felt they couldn't reverse themselves, especially with Thompson characterizing such a move as a hypocritical flip-flop. The opposition of the conservative Brownback in particular signaled the end for the Lott deal.

Thompson says he will devote the first phase of his investigation to Democratic wrongdoing anyway, but many Republicans won't believe it until they see it. One longtime Senate aide warns that the Democrats are "too smart, too clever, too everything for Thompson." They've certainly enjoyed manhandling him so far. At a Rules Committee hearing a few weeks ago, Democrats signaled they wouldn't question Thompson about Asiagate when he testified—then piled into the room to berate him over the investigation.

Thompson can expect more of the same. Thompson has said he hopes the Clinton scandals will produce the equivalent of a Watergate-era Howard Baker, a senator willing to turn on his own party. But Democrats typically don't behave that way. Indeed, the only party-defying "Howard Baker" to emerge from the scandals may yet prove to be Fred Thompson himself. —RICH LOWRY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rulers in Peking. We are not now. Future issues will provide further thoughts on how to deal with the Chinese challenge, which is serious enough to warrant a broad and comprehensive strategy in response. Not since the early years of this century have Americans had to imagine another country matching us in economic power, but China's GDP may well equal ours ten years from now. And the Great Wall will not come tumbling down at the sound of our ideological trumpets. The readiness of the American people for new ideological crusades, in any case, is not self-evident—especially when even the Republican balanced-budget plan would slash defense spending 5 per cent below current levels by 2002. The Clinton Administration's response to these concerns has only provoked further doubts about its judgment. When the President met with Jiang Zemin last year, he spent the time warning the Chinese president about automobile emissions—an almost pathetic example of strategic feebleness.

Congress has a crucial role here. Canceling Most Favored Nation status is probably a non-starter politically, and undesirable in terms of policy. Trade is opening up China to a thousand Western influences which will eventually have a powerful, if unknowable, impact. But Congress can look at tightening our legal controls over exports of advanced militarily usable technology (as HR-361, which passed the House last year, would have done). It can seek to impose specific sanctions against religious persecution (as a new bill being developed by Arlen Specter and Frank Wolf would do). It can hold hearings on the fundamental questions, to educate the public. Let the great debate begin.

Trent's Choice

IT IS now more or less agreed by both sides in the debate over the Chemical Weapons Convention (CWC) that the treaty is defective. In fact, an amusing aspect of the debate so far is the agility of the treaty's proponents as they backpedal from one after another of the benefits previously claimed for it. Former Clinton CIA Director John Deutch and former Bush National Security Advisor Brent Scowcroft publicly acknowledge that the CWC will not prevent the covert production and stockpiling of chemical weapons. Indeed, any country—or for that matter, any terrorist group—that wants to can secretly acquire significant quantities of toxic nerve gas or other chemical arms.

Another supporter, former Reagan Arms Control and Disarmament Agency Director Ken Adelman, admits that, "No accord banning all chemical weapons can be verifiable in any real sense. The Convention's verification provisions may help somewhat, but not all that much."

Proponents have been reduced to arguing that the CWC makes an important moral declaration: We don't like poison gas. Such a declaration is, of course, unobjectionable unless—as critics, led by Senators Jon Kyl and Jesse Helms, have established—the net result of making it with this Convention will be to exacerbate the proliferation of chemical-warfare technologies, while imposing unjustifiable costs on American taxpayers and companies.

But the Senate rarely votes on any issue strictly on its merits. And its Republican leadership is under intense pressure from the Administration and its Democratic allies to bring the treaty to a vote before April 29. They are joined in this effort by GOP Senators Richard Lugar, Ted Stevens, and John McCain and by the Chemical Manufacturers' Association, which is anxious to use the treaty to expand export markets currently closed to its 192 member companies for national-security reasons.

Will Senator Lott lead a principled fight against a treaty that cannot pass muster on its merits? Or will he extend "bi-partisanship" beyond the three-mile limit?

The Week in Verse

As he was walking downstairs in the dark
In Florida, while visiting the *Shark*,
The *President*, off on a weekend spree,
Tore up at once his golf game and his knee.
Then, as he hobbled back to the *White House*
Without the comfort of his loving spouse
(She, worthy woman and a proud mama,
Took *Chelsea* and went off to *Africa*),
His nominee to head the *CIA*
Decided he'd enough of the melee
Of confirmation hearings and the fire
From Congress in a system gone "haywire."
Alas that statesmen of such kidney should
Be so egregiously misunderstood!
Alas for those that pirate vessels take
Of *ships* of *partisans* that sail the *Lake*!

And yet behold what pleasing prospect this is
As congressmen exchange their *Hershey* kisses.
Republicans already make it nice
And partisan advantage sacrifice.
(Though *DeLay* claims that judges he'll impeach
No one much cares if *China's* in *Long Beach*.)
So what if poor *Cheyenne*, *Arapaho*
Are shaken down by *Gore*—I mean *Landow*?
They'll give the money back, no need to fret,
Soon as the *Democrats* are out of debt.

Far from the shores where such things make the news,
Where *Clinton* doesn't golf but still can schmooze,
Where *Indians* are treated underhand
(What's new?) and try to buy back their own land,
Albanians in their well-named port *Durres*
And refugees from *Kisangani* stress
What sometimes we forget, or never knew
(Our disagreements relatively few),
That when you've *really* lost civility
The people try to swim to *Italy*.

—JUVENAL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Importing Poverty

INTERNAL estimates by the Immigration and Naturalization Service suggest that about a third of "family reunification" immigrants entering the country in 1994 would have been rejected under the reform legislation passed last year. This is because their sponsoring family members do not have incomes above 125 per cent of the poverty level—a requirement enacted to discourage immigrants from going on welfare. About half of the Mexicans and Salvadorans, a third of the Dominicans and Koreans, and a fifth of the Indians, Filipinos, and Vietnamese would not have made the cut.

Immigration enthusiasts greeted this news with much wailing and gnashing of teeth in the front-page *New York Times* story which revealed the INS estimates. But this despair is probably misplaced—for several reasons. Rejected immigrants can turn to other sponsors. And while last year's legislation also attempted to strengthen the regularly evaded legal obligation of sponsors to support the new immigrants, this has proved difficult to enforce in the past. Anyway, immigrants can qualify for citizenship, and now welfare, in five years.

But there is a bigger story behind the *Times*'s story. It incidentally confirms that the immigrant influx unleashed by the 1965 Immigration Act is to a significant degree a poverty population. The new immigrants are not all, or even often, computer scientists. (Are you listening, Rudy Giuliani?) The U.S. is importing an underclass.

The point has been repeatedly made by *NR* and in the work of Professor George J. Borjas, the Cuban-born economist now at Harvard University's Kennedy School, who estimates that 21 per cent of immigrants are on some type of public assistance, as opposed to 14 per cent for native-born Americans. Borjas's findings were replicated by the Rand Corporation last year and are now widely accepted by those following the debate. It is time for immigration enthusiasts to follow it themselves.

The Rosenbergs, Still

ALEKSANDR Feklisov, an 83-year-old KGB colonel, confirms what the courts, writers like Ronald Radosh, and the declassified Venona transcripts have all shown: Julius Rosenberg was a spy for the Soviet Union, feeding it top technological secrets, as well as information on the atomic bomb.

Feklisov's testimony is incomplete: he says that Julius's wife, Ethel, was an accessory merely ("I think she knew"): a natural conclusion to be drawn by an agent who dealt only with her husband. He also dismisses the value of the atomic-bomb information the Rosenbergs gave him. Khrushchev, who called the Rosenbergs' data "very significant help," Feklisov dismisses as a "silly man." While it is true that the Soviets got their best information from British spy Klaus Fuchs, the sketches provided by Ethel's brother, David Greenglass, who worked at Los Alamos, showed the Soviets they were on the right track.

Feklisov is most revealing on Rosenberg's psychology. "Julius was a true revolutionary, who was willing to sacrifice himself for his beliefs." He boasted, "I have a Christmas present for the Red Army," when he gave Feklisov a working proximity fuse in 1944. When KGB higher-ups said that he had taken too great a risk to get it, Rosenberg replied that his risk "was only one-hundredth of what a Red Army soldier risks when he attacks a tank." This was the twisted idealism of the Popular Front and the Grand Alliance, the Depression plus City College politics plus the Red Army Chorus.

Even some stern anti-Communists quailed at the prospect of the Rosenbergs' double execution in 1953 (J. Edgar Hoover wanted to spare Ethel). But they did make love to their employment—and spying is serious employment indeed. Jonathan Pollard will spend his life in jail for spying for Israel. Giving radar and atom-bomb secrets to Stalin deserved more.

Toward 2000

What's sticking out of Al Gore's mouth
Appears to be his foot.
It once traversed tobacco fields,
But that's where it's been put.
Dick Gephardt, peering from the House,
Observed a toe and heel,
Then oh so casually dropped
Bags of banana peel.

—W. H. von Dreele

Life Imitates Art: 2,756,231

THE Filthy Swine, with their folk hit "My Girl's Head Comes to a Point," again head the Top Twenty this week. The Bedbugs' "Chewing Old Socks With You" goes down to third place, and Cliff Alopecia moves up with "Individual Fruit Pie of Love."

Wanda Drainstorm's "My Old Plastic Granny" stays steady at number four, and the Cockroaches have rocketed up from eleventh to fifth place with "Love Crawled under the Door."

The Drips, whose "Softening of the Brain" kept fifth place for three weeks running, suddenly collapsed and fell out of the charts altogether. Their manager has had them destroyed.

Peter Simple
London Daily Telegraph, 1965

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Christopher Wallace ("Notorious B.I.G."). Rap singer, also known as "Biggie Smalls," shot dead in Los Angeles, aged 24. Considered a rival of Tupac Shakur, gunned down last September in Las Vegas. Rap artist of the year, Billboard Awards 1995. His song "One More Chance/ Stay with Me," best rap single that year. His debut album, *Ready to Die*, sold more than one million copies. Guest rapper on Michael Jackson's *HIStory*.

Obituary
London Daily Telegraph, 1997

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley,

Why am I disturbed to see constructions such as ". . . Mr. Jones's habits" in *NR* and elsewhere? When did it become proper to add "s" to the possessive form of nouns ending in "s" instead of the simple apostrophe? I was always taught that Mr. Jones' habits were primarily his business and that the numerous Joneses' habits were theirs—as opposed to Mr. Jones's habits his and the numerous Joneses's habits theirs.

Please Relieve Me, Let Me Know.
J. David Manley
Dallas, Tex.

Dear Mr. Manley: Fowler, p. 466, under "Possessive puzzles": "1. *Septimus's, Achilles'*. It was formerly customary, when a word ended in *-s*, to write its possessive with an apostrophe, but no additional *s*, e.g., *Mars' hill, Venus' Bath, Achilles' thews*. In verse, and in poetic or reverential contexts, this custom is retained, and the number of syllables is the same as in the subjective case, e.g., *Achilles'* has three, not four, *Jesus'* two, not three. But elsewhere we now usually add the *s* and the syllable—always when the word is monosyllabic [Mr. Manley, are you listening? Note Jones's.] and preferably when it is longer, *Charles's Wain*, *St. James's Street*, *Jones's children*, *the Rev. Septimus's surplice*, *Pythagoras's doctrines*. Plurals of proper names ending in *s* form their possessives in the same way as ordinary plurals (*the Joneses' home*, *the Rogerses' party*). For *goodness' sake*, *conscience' sake*, etc., see SAKE." Cordially,
WFB

■ HUMAN THESAURUS

I think it fortunate
that I do not possess
the vocabulary
of William F. Buckley,
Else I should have to
become contentious often
so I could use those
delicious, multisyllable
words.
Spit them from my mouth.
Fling them high against
the wall—
let them
ricochet
and echo,
hit my enemy
Splat! in the face.
Think of the shame and humiliation
he'd feel
from having words
hurled at him—
words like:
puissance
inanition
rodomontade
and he not have a clue
of what they mean.

I'd roll such succulent
words around in my mouth,
savoring their tang.
Then from my lips would pop:
puling, pusillanimous popinjay
pussyfooting pompously
in parasitical proclivity
with no idea of
perspicacious perspicuousness.
I could beat the air with:
bumptious,
braggadocio,
and buncombe.
Or hissingly
accuse him of
salacious superciliousness
and of being a
superannuated, sniveling
sycophant, sacrificing
sincerity for sinecure.
Then I'd call him a
crafty curmudgeon who
kowtows to
calumny,
collusion,
complicity,
and scandal.
But then again,
I may get bored with the whole deal
and tell my adversary to
Buzz Off!
Get Lost!
Eat Dirt!

Edith Cavey Johnson
Oshkosh, Wis.

Dear Miss Johnson: I do hope you don't get bored with the whole deal. It is mad fun. Cordially, **—WFB**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAPITAL SCENE

Racing for Dollars

RICH LOWRY

Roman Genn

WASHINGTON, D.C.

INDIAN tribes are essentially wards of the Federal Government. Without federal recognition, tribes would be subject to a wide range of state and local taxes and regulation from which they are now exempt. It's the Federal Government that protects Indian tribes' enormously profitable gambling operations from any taxation. And it's the feds that spend some $5 billion a year providing tribes with everything from health care to schools. So, it's important for the tribes to know who their friends are, namely the Democrats. In fact, Indian tribes can be considered the Democrats' model minority—utterly and completely dependent on the Federal Government, therefore eagerly solicitous for Democratic Party support and willing to pay to get it.

With nearly $1 million in contributions to campaigns for national office since 1991—85 per cent of it to the Democrats—it shouldn't be surprising that Indian tribes have carved out their own niche in the Clinton fundraising scandals. According to a report in the *Wall Street Journal*, five tribes in Minnesota and Wisconsin hired top Democratic lobbyist Patrick O'Connor—a former treasurer of the Democratic National Committee (DNC)—to help them kill a proposed rival casino. In April 1995, O'Connor ushered representatives of the tribes to meet with DNC co-chairman Don Fowler, and the tribes subsequently pumped more than $70,000 into Democratic coffers. Then, Fowler called White House chief of staff Harold Ickes, who allegedly leaned on the Interior Department, which ultimately obliged by killing the competing casino project.

The Interior Department says it denied approval to the casino because of local opposition. But, as the *Journal* points out, last year the department brushed aside opposition from state and local politicians to approve the expansion of a Connecticut reservation—which just happened to belong to a tribe that had given $465,000 to the Democrats. The *Washington Post* recently splashed on its front page another example of the Democratic–Indian relationship at work. The Cheyenne–Arapaho Indians of Oklahoma gave the DNC more than $100,000 in the hopes of winning back tribal lands, only to see the ante upped dramatically. Al Gore fundraiser Nathan Landow reportedly told the tribes that unless they hired him and a Democratic-connected lobbying firm for tens of thousands of dollars he'd work to ensure that they never got their lands back.

This thread runs through Democratic politics in general and the Clinton fundraising scandals in particular—the cultivation of the support of minority groups through official favors, with the implicit understanding that the Democratic Party and certain well-connected hucksters will, in effect, get kick-backs for their trouble. Indian tribes are a stark, but relatively small, example of the phenomenon. The party has a similar relationship with blacks, on a larger scale. Over the course of the last four years—with the late master of racial politics, Ron Brown, taking the lead—Democrats have been working to bring Asian-Americans on board as well. The more tenants on the liberal plantation, the better for its owners. And if anyone points out the exploitative nature of the relationship, the Democrats have a ready rejoinder: their critics are racist.

In a January 3, 1996 memo, Harold Ickes asked Administration and party officials of various ethnic groups to draw up "working plans" to win the support of other members of their group. The plan for blacks called for setting up an African Americans for Clinton–Gore steering committee, which would include vice chairmen drawn from the fields of "the arts and entertainment, clergy, athletes, and civil rights" (suggestions: Whoopi Goldberg, Magic Johnson, and Shaquille O'Neal). African Americans would get an enticement to contribute "by joining the African American Leadership Forum," which would give them "the opportunity to interact with senior Administration officials and the Democratic Party's political leadership through policy briefings, luncheons, and work groups." The plan advised that the DNC should "ensure that contributors receive personal attention beyond personal invitations to White House affairs."

The Democrats' 'proposed outreach plan' for white ethnics displays a loving attention to balkanized politics.

The "proposed outreach plan" for white ethnics, drafted in February 1996, also displays a loving attention to the details of balkanized politics. In the fall of 1995 the National Democratic Ethnic Coordinating Committee (NDECC) was formed, and the outreach plan called for expanding it to "include at least two representatives of each key constituency" by March 15, 1996. Also, "through a working group of the NDECC, a series of recommendations for code words, ethnic specific lan-

Mr. Lowry is NR*'s national political reporter.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guage, and hot button issues" can be developed for use by the White House. The plan recommended "utiliz[ing] ethnic surname identifying software available through the Democratic National Committee to identify ethnic public officials" who would be enlisted for state ethnic coordinating committees. It even contemplates "Develop[ing] an ethnic Internet web site. (if resources available)."

At least since the 1970s—when the party shed its anti-Communism and cultural conservatism and, hence, lost its appeals to ethnics on those grounds—the Democrats have been the party of bean-counting, of specifically tailored appeals to specific groups. People like Labor Secretary nominee Alexis Herman make careers out of it. Miss Herman headed the women's bureau at the Labor Department during the Carter Administration. Then she formed a "diversity" consulting group that got a cut of Jesse Jackson's shakedowns of various U.S. corporations. In 1993, she landed her job as head of the White House's Office of Public Liaison, where she occupied herself drawing up the African-American outreach plan as well as stroking other minority groups on behalf of the White House. She even led her own trade missions—naturally enough, for women only.

Her work on the African-American outreach plan may have violated the Hatch Act, and Miss Herman may well have gotten a sweetheart real-estate deal thanks to her connections with other Democratic practitioners of racial politics like Jackson and Ron Brown. But any questioning of her is illegitimate—precisely because her shady operations occur in the realm of Democratic race-hustling. When Trent Lott suggested some of Miss Herman's activity skirted the law, White House spokesman Mike McCurry immediately reached for the race card: "I would want to check with Sen. Lott or his staff, but I can't believe the majority leader would suggest that she's disqualified from serving as secretary of labor because she attempted to encourage African Americans to participate in the political life of this nation." (McCurry later half apologized.)

This tack, of course, is nothing new. Consider the Democratic defense in another area, voter fraud. In California, the Hispanic group Hermandad illegally registered non-citizens and encouraged them to vote in an effort to get its leader elected in a local school-board race and to help elect Loretta Sanchez. It's an offense for which the illegal voters, many of whom didn't know any better, could get deported. But it's the Republican critics of the practice who get criticized for being "anti-Hispanic." In the Jenkins–Landrieu Louisiana Senate race, evidence suggests that the New Orleans mayor's political machine encouraged poor inner-city blacks to commit a felony—namely, vote multiple times—and didn't even pay them what they had been promised for their wrong-doing. Yet, it's Woody Jenkins whom the mayor and other New Orleans politicians brand as a racist.

Almost immediately, this defense was dusted off in Asiagate. As Larry Klayman, chairman of the feisty conservative legal group Judicial Watch has pointed out, the roots of the scandal, in some ways, go back to Ron Brown. He had been plying the so-called Asian Pacific American (APA) community years before anyone had heard of John Huang. Brown's appeal to Asian-Americans was typical—promises of bean-counting hires and special help to advance Asian-American group interests. Writing in *AsianWeek* shortly after Brown's death, DNC executive committee member Macley Tom recounts how, during his campaign for chairmanship of the DNC, Brown "promised that he would commit staff and resources to help empower the APA community"; then at the DNC he "launched an unprecedented, aggressive national APA outreach program." Later, he would appoint "the largest number of Asian Pacific Americans to prominent policy management positions in the Department of Commerce" (including John Huang).

When it turned out that Red China may have been among the beneficiaries of Clinton Administration "outreach," the DNC didn't miss a beat. In an October 14, 1996, memo to Donald Fowler and other officials at the DNC, APA Director Bill Kaneko outlines a strategy for dealing with the budding scandal. He writes that "an aggressive [Asian-American] community response aimed at addressing this race-based inquiry by the Republicans and media is in progress." He advocates a similar effort by the DNC, arguing that the inquiry is "targeted at the Asian American community as a whole, focusing on only on [*sic*] Asian countries." According to Kaneko, the fundraising fuss is meant "to taint the credibility and challenge the legitimacy of all Asian American contributions during the past decade." John Huang, in his view, should not be just defended, but lauded: "Mr. Huang has created a new political voice in this country" (the Peking government?).

The Democrats weren't brassy enough to take their defense quite this far. But in his State of the Union address President Clinton just happened to introduce the new Asian-American governor of Washington state, Gary Locke, in what was surely meant as a subtle signal to Asian-Americans. In a press conference Clinton went further, noting that "a lot of Asian-Americans who have supported our campaign have come up to me and said, you know, I'm being made to feel like a criminal." The President went on "to remind everybody here and throughout the country that our country has been greatly enriched by the work of Asian-Americans. They are famous for working hard for family values and for giving more than they take." The latter, of course, isn't a virtue practiced by Clinton himself, or his party. Just ask the Cheyenne-Arapaho Indians. □

Sex and the Single Soldier

ERIC FELTEN

WASHINGTON, D.C.

KWEISI Mfume, head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is adamant in insisting that he has not accused the Army of racism in its investigation into sexual abuses at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds training base. Not yet, at least. Yes, NAACP branch leaders in Maryland have come out and said it—that it is more than mere coincidence that the sergeants charged with rape and sexual misconduct are black and the women accusing them are white—but not Mfume. He knows that though race may trump most other concerns, its polemical value is limited when it comes to charges of sexual abuse. What good is going to

Mr. Felten is a writer and a jazz musician in Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that well now that Johnnie Cochran has poisoned it?

Thus the low-key performance by Mfume at a dramatic press conference March 11: he didn't indulge in the sort of rhetorical theatrics some of his peers relish so. Instead, he quite literally stood back to allow the compellingly artless testimony of the witnesses. Out they came: five young, white Army women. One after another, the women complained that military investigators had pressured, cajoled, coerced, and intimidated them in an effort to get them to cry rape.

"I agreed to tell them what they wanted to hear in order that they leave me alone," said Private Kathryn Leming. But when it became clear exactly what the Army Criminal Investigation Division officers wanted to hear, Private Leming balked: "They tried to make me say 'rape,' and I would not do it." She and her four sisters-in-arms insist the sexual relations they had with drill sergeants were consensual.

Unlike the larger licentious society, for the military, sexual relations even between happy, willing participants are a no-no. And a no-no not just for the lecher with the greater number of stripes: when it comes to "fraternization" frisky privates are supposed to be punished too. Which is why CID investigators have such troubling leverage over the women they have been interrogating. "We know of your dalliance with Sergeant Jones," they say. "If it was consensual you're facing charges. If he raped you, however . . ." It isn't a stretch to imagine that men might be falsely accused in these circumstances.

One wants to commend the women for their courage in stepping forward—though there is the nagging thought that, having refused to calumniate their lovers, they are trying to make it hard for the Army to punish their own flings. But even if we accept their motives as selfless, it's still hard to write the women much of a paean, given the sorry little spectacle of their press conference. Except for Private Leming, who wore an ample Notre Dame sweatshirt, the women were dressed in fatigues, proving that camouflage togs do not a soldier make. Private Brandi Krewson looked as if the only long marches she made were to Dunkin' Donuts. Private Kelly Wagner was ready for her close-up: Her champagne lip gloss was accentuated by hot cocoa lip liner; she wore enough eyeliner for an Egyptian goddess.

Martial bravado was in short supply. The women came out to face the cameras holding hands. Their lips quivered; their voices trembled. They held each other tight for comfort. You're in Oprah's army now! One could be forgiven for taking their demeanor as less than a ringing endorsement of women in the military.

If the girls in uniform looked uncomfortable, that's nothing compared to the discomfort of editors and reporters of the *Washington Post*. When the story out of Aberdeen was that Army drill instructors were raping their charges, the news value of the story was pretty darn unambiguous. Now all of a sudden the story was getting messy, what with zealous Army investigators bullying white women into making false accusations against black men. Here was a clash of

Roman Genn

the two great liberal pieties: Race and Sex. What to do?

The *Post*, of course, punted. When the accusations of rape had first emerged, they were on the front page. But this story was relegated to the Metro section, underneath the story of yet another public school shut down for fire-code violations. Even when, the next day, Mfume met with Army Secretary Togo West Jr. and the Congressional Black Caucus called for an investigation into the Army's investigation, these developments were reported in the sleepy pages of the Metro section.

The *Post*'s agonies were finally resolved through the wit and ingenuity of one of the paper's editorialists Colbert I. King. In a Saturday op-ed, King argued that the hoary old racist taboo against miscegenation is to blame. You see, there isn't actually any incommensurability between the Pieties: If the Army's investigation is unfair, it isn't the feminists to blame, it's the ancient prejudices in the hearts of Southern white males. King asks, Who

It isn't the fear of black rams tupping white ewes that has Army investigators trampling rights, it is the fear of Tailhook.

should oversee the probe of whether racism is a factor in the Aberdeen scandals? South Carolina's Rep. Floyd Spence? Mississippi's Sen. Trent Lott? South Carolina's Sen. Strom Thurmond? Heavens no!

In fact, it isn't the ancient fear of black rams tupping white ewes that has Army investigators trampling rights, it is the newly created fear of Tailhook. As Elaine Donnelly of the Center for Military Readiness points out, it wasn't the groping flyboys who took the most heat for the Tailhook fiasco, it was Naval officers, investigators, and even the Navy Secretary. Army commanders have no desire to see their careers similarly tanked.

To get a sense of the panic this investigative fury has created in the ranks, consider the widely unreported fact that Private Alan M. May, accused of date rape in Aberdeen, hanged himself in the barracks bathroom January 4, three days before he was to face a court-martial. Weakness goaded by a guilty conscience? Perhaps. But then consider the case of Staff Sergeant Michael Anton Thompson. It seems that in the summer of 1995 he put his arm around a fellow sergeant, and his hand touched her breast. She didn't think anything of it at the time, but that was before she went to one of the mandatory sexual-assault-prevention classes the Army instituted post–Aberdeen and decided that Thompson's touch had not been innocent. Charges were brought, the court-martial was scheduled, and in late February Thompson went into the woods with a shotgun. With the first blast he took off an ear, with the second he blew out his brains.

This, it should be noted, was not even newsworthy enough for the Metro section. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BREAD & CIRCUSES

TWO years ago a member of the then "revolutionary" freshman class, Rep. Zach Wamp of Tennessee, was keen to eliminate funding for the National Endowment for the Arts. At a recent hearing on the agency, however, Mr. Wamp told NEA Chairman Jane Alexander that with the Cold War over, he wanted to see federal funds now going to science and technology redirected to the arts. Miss Alexander replied: "Wow."

Alec Baldwin, currently appearing as president of the Creative Coalition (a cameo role), must also have been wowed by the warm reception he received in Washington. There was a pep rally with Republican senators and an impromptu vox pop with Newt Gingrich—who suggested that he return next month for a get-together with the full House leadership.

It's what actors call a quick change. During the 104th Congress, freshman members formed task forces to plot the elimination of the Departments of Commerce, Energy, HUD, and Education. This year most Republicans shrink from ending an arts endowment that contributes a mere $99 million to the $9 billion that Americans spend on the arts each year. Despite a commitment by GOP leaders that funding would end this year, arts lobbyists are confident that the NEA will survive.

The GOP leadership seems to have no idea of just how serious a defeat this would be. As Gary Bauer points out, a party ostensibly dedicated to shrinking government should recognize that arts funding is easier to eliminate than almost any other federal role. "The grassroots understands that if we can't eliminate the NEA, we will never deal with the other things," Bauer explains.

In response to this fear, Bill Bennett said last week: "If one takes seriously the Republican rhetoric on the need to limit the size of government, there is simply no defense for funding the NEA." He singles out Rep. Peter Hoekstra of Michigan for fighting a valiant battle as chairman of the subcommittee that oversees the NEA. Mr. Hoekstra has criticized recent grants, including those to a publisher of sexually explicit books. With print runs of 2,000, these include descriptions of mutilation, sadomasochism, incest, and sex between a nun and priests. Emboldened by the new political climate, the NEA defends the books as possessing artistic value.

That is one of the problems, according to Pat Trueman of the American Family Association, who was responsible for the prosecution of obscenity and child pornography in the Reagan and Bush Justice Departments. As the lone NEA opponent at a recent congressional hearing, he testified that "the NEA poses a direct threat to the prosecution, on both the federal and state levels, of obscenity and child-pornography crimes." In order to be found "obscene" under the Supreme Court's three-part test, material must lack serious artistic value. In an obscenity case, therefore, the defense can argue that similar material is funded by the NEA as "art." There need be only a few such grants a year to threaten the ability of prosecutors to win such cases.

While the GOP shamefacedly retreats, the "arts community" adopts an "in-your-face" stance. In 1995, Jane Alexander's NEA funded an "Ecco Lesbo/Ecco Homo" festival in Santa Monica which included a lesbian comedian's act called "Sex with Newt Gingrich's Mother." This was probably not discussed in the chat that the Speaker had with Alec Baldwin, and it is doubtless an unrepresentative case—the NEA's defenders always note that its controversial projects represent only a fraction of NEA grants. But why are these isolated incidents never attacks on Democrats?

Can it be that such grants represent the unacknowledged bias of the arts world? Unacknowledged by the GOP, that is. The arts community makes no secret of it. Alec Baldwin has called Republicans a "virus" who during the Reagan and Bush years "really raped everybody in the whole country." He is willing to overlook this if the rapists save the NEA, but he also tells Frank Rich that those who want the agency to flourish "must elect another Congress."

Following his triumphant appearance on the Washington boards, Baldwin hosted the Creative Coalition's fundraiser in New York, honoring Whoopi Goldberg, Hillary Clinton, Mario Cuomo, and Geraldine Ferraro. Larry Jarvik, author of *PBS: Behind the Screen,* flatly states, "The NEA funds the left, they don't fund Hilton Kramer. Why not give $99 million straight to the DNC and cut out the middleman?"

BILL Bennett draws the appropriate lesson: that failure to eliminate the NEA would symbolize a GOP that is in full retreat ideologically as well as politically: "Is there a planet occupied with more people who disagree with us than the arts planet? If we agree on the proposition that 'It's the culture, stupid,' who do Republicans think is responsible for that?" Bennett is echoing the late Sir Kingsley Amis, who thought government funding encouraged the production of bad art—art that is self-absorbed, makes a fetish of obscurity, and addresses a coterie rather than the public. As a result, he argued, the really rare thing in the subsidized art world is not a new piece of music, but its second performance.

Conservatives need that kind of sophistication and self-confidence. For the moment, however, all they need is the courage to insist that a deal be kept. In the last Congress, the House leadership worked out a compromise: lower funding for two years so that the NEA could plan its own privatization. Now, Majority Leader Dick Armey, who has long opposed arts funding, explains that this deal is unenforceable without 218 votes.

Conservatives stuck to this deal by supporting arts funding for two years. Now Rep. Steve Largent of Oklahoma wants to hold his liberal colleagues to it. He believes that continued funding of the NEA represents a betrayal of the '94 elections, not just a battle over one agency. "It's about integrity, commitment, and leadership," Largent declares.

Conservatives say: "Wow."

—KATE O'BEIRNE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE SCENE

Revolutionary Coup

JOHNATHAN SUNLEY

Frederick H. Carlson

TIRANA

IF you want to change money in Albania, do what everyone else does: approach one of the swarm of typecast Balkan brigands who cluster around the Socialist Party's headquarters in the capital, Tirana. You probably won't be ripped off. But you may come away surprised that such activity should flourish right under the windows of the political force emerging from the chaos of the recent revolution supposedly to lead this country out of destitution and tyranny toward prosperity and genuine democracy.

The paradox is that, until a few weeks ago, that was exactly the direction in which Albania was heading. In 1992, after almost five decades of by far the most brutal Communist regime suffered anywhere in Eastern Europe, Albanians voted into office the now scattered Democratic Party and rejoiced as its charismatic leader, Sali Berisha, became president.

At that time, a shop was usually just a hole in a wall through which a loaf of bread might sometimes be passed, and the population was only just beginning to adjust to the novelty of private cars. (Along with beards and ranks in the army, these had been outlawed by the country's long-ruling dictator, Enver Hoxha.) Nowadays, with its multitude of cafés, shops, and sidewalk kiosks, Tirana resembles a cross between Istanbul and Rio—and woe betide the naïve pedestrian who steps into the road without first checking for the latest model of Mercedes screeching around the corner.

Unfortunately, all this seems about to disappear again in a puff of gunsmoke. The armed insurrection launched in the southern city of Vlore had already reached Tirana by March 14—less than a fortnight after it began—despite Berisha's concession of appointing a new prime minister from the ranks of the Socialist Party opposition. But this is only an interim measure, as the Cossack said, flinging his wife from the sleigh to distract the pursuing wolves. In line with one of the rebels' other main demands, fresh elections are planned for this summer and may yet go ahead. But the atmosphere of violence and intimidation in which they are likely to be conducted will render them about as accurate a guide to the voters' real feelings, as those that occurred during the first Communist takeover in this region following World War II.

So what went wrong? It is true that many Albanians became disaffected after the collapse at the start of this year of several pyramid investment schemes. The level of their losses, on the other hand, has been greatly exaggerated in Western media reports determined to interpret events as a popular uprising. Ask an Albanian how much he lost in one of these ventures, and he might answer $500. Ask him what he put in to begin with, and he will probably say about $50.

If only to teach Albanians this distinction between capital and income, Berisha was right not to stoke inflation by bailing them out to the extent of their imagined losses. Once the bubble had burst, nonetheless, the government acted swiftly and responsibly in freezing whatever assets belonging to these schemes, and in drawing on them to assuage those most aggrieved.

The only people these steps did not please were the Socialists. Still smarting from their heavy defeats in last year's national and local elections, they spotted an opportunity to come to power by other means and initiated a series of demonstrations and other forms of protest, at which they used increasingly aggressive rhetoric to call not simply for compensation but for an entire new government. Their masterstroke was to create something called the Forum for Democracy—an umbrella association including several smaller (and some still to be founded) parties, the very name of which was artfully intended to evoke the "velvet revolutions" of 1989.

To head this front, they even produced a former political prisoner. Interviewing Kurt Kola—an old royalist, imprisoned in 1945 and released only after the downfall of the Communist regime—is like talking with a character from a novel by Koestler. He has managed to convince himself that those who took away his freedom presented less of a threat to his country than those who gave it back to him. His long prison record, fierce anti-Communism and winning smile cut him out perfectly for the role of useful idiot. Once the Socialists run the country again, he will doubtless find his days of usefulness abruptly cut short.

Kurt Kola's long prison record, fierce anti-Communism, and winning smile cut him out perfectly for the role of useful idiot.

Events are now moving very quickly. Various Jacobin-style committees have been set up to rein in the "excesses." And the excesses here have already prompted

Mr. Sunley writes about central and southeastern Europe from Budapest.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a backlash from less cowed Albanians. So those propelling this putsch have been forced to show their hand more clearly than they would have wished. Yes, there is a purely criminal element, constituted partly by the Vlore mafia and partly by their confederates whom they sprang from jail as soon as they could. But there are also the Socialists, Social Democrats, and "independent intellectuals" grouped together in the Forum (whose slogan is "Flowers, Not Stones") and who visited Vlore and incited unrest there. To talk, therefore, of the ex-opposition as though it might be able to mediate between the rebels and the ex-government is like saying that local Communist parties could have arbitrated in Eastern Europe after 1945 between the advancing Red Army and the (soon to be overthrown) legitimate authorities of those countries.

Faced with such a clear-cut confrontation, the international media showed a staggering ability to deceive themselves as to the issues. With hindsight, the introduction of a night-time curfew in Tirana just as the revolt was starting might come to be seen as one of Berisha's biggest blunders. Unable to make it out to their favorite haunts, journalists whiled away the time in their hotels, guzzling Italian wine and swapping stories about the alleged depravities of Berisha's regime. Notwithstanding the absence of a single photograph (let alone statue) of the man in any public place, comparisons between Berisha and the megalomaniacal Hoxha were to be heard more and more often. No less tasteless were the endless expressions of concern for members of the local intelligentsia, who were said to be subject to relentless persecution by an omnipresent police-state even as they could be seen flitting from table to table in search of attention and alcohol.

By the time a few rebel groups had apparently managed over and over again to disarm and defeat the forces of repression allegedly massed against them, authoritarianism had ceased to be a credible explanation. Another explanation for Berisha's undoing took its place: nationalism. Suddenly, experts who would have been quite as happy to talk about the divide between Swift's Big-Endians and Little-Endians popped up to tell us that this was really a dispute between Albania's northern-dwelling Gegs and southern-based Tosks.

Such accounts of "ancient ethnic hatreds" hold the analysts of modern-day Eastern Europe in thrall. They apply them far more readily than, say, the theory of "high-yield mafia fiefdoms." But the latter concept is much more helpful to an understanding of what has been going on these last few years in, for example, Tiraspol in Moldova, West Mostar in Bosnia-Herzegovina, and now Vlore—all of them, at one time or another, towns said to be riven by national tensions.

Because Western Europeans and Americans misinterpret the conflict, the advice they give is flawed. For example, after sacking over six thousand senior officers from the army he inherited, Berisha was advised to replace them with personnel who had previously been responsible for political indoctrination. No wonder the army simply melted away at the first challenge. So much for Partnership for Peace. And so much, too, for such AID programs as have channeled American tax dollars into absurdities like the "Land O' Lakes Dairy Improvement Campaign," whose aim is "to keep Albanian women producers from being marginalized out of significant income-producing possibilities."

Still, Berisha's second major mistake was to become ensnared in meeting with and trying to enlighten the delegations of various European organizations, just when he ought to have been on the front line issuing orders. When, six days before the rebels reached Tirana, Dutch Foreign Minister Hans van Mierlo read out a statement on behalf of the Euro-

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

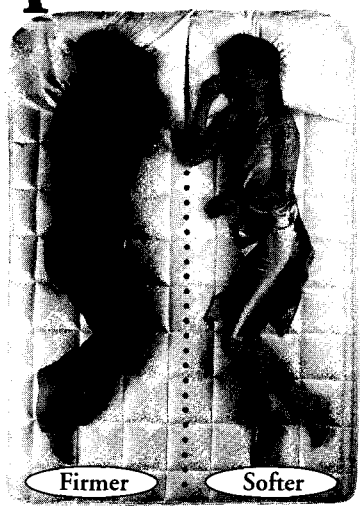
Sleep Better On Air!

Frustrated With Your Sleep?

Do you toss and turn at night? Can't seem to find a comfortable position? Does your back ache when you awake? These are signs that your mattress may not be supporting you properly.

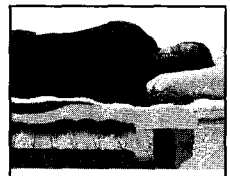
SELECT COMFORT® sleep systems comfortably contour to your body, properly support your back and spine, and reduce pressure points.

Metal coil mattresses can create uncomfortable pressure points and provide uneven support over time.



With a Select Comfort Sleep System, you can each get the firmness you want.

Tests show it also helps properly support your back and spine, which can lower the tension in the surrounding muscles. So you can sleep comfortably in most any position and wake feeling great!



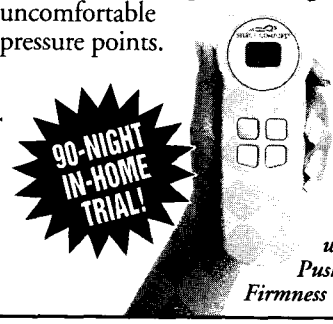
Select Comfort mattresses contour to your body.

Call For More Information

You owe it to yourself to learn more about this revolutionary way to a better night's sleep.

Sleep Better On Air

A SELECT COMFORT® sleep system doesn't rely on springs or water, but on a cushion of air. Air gently contours to your body's shape, reducing uncomfortable pressure points.



The Mattress with Easy Push Button Firmness Control!

For a FREE VIDEO and Brochure, call

1-800-831-1211

Ext. 8030

Yes! Please rush me a FREE Video and Brochure.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State ____

Zip_____ Phone_____

Ext. 8030

SELECT COMFORT®

Mail to: **Select Comfort Direct Corporation**
6105 Trenton Lane N., Minneapolis, MN 55442

© Select Comfort Direct Corp., 1997

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pean Union joining the Americans' call for fresh elections, Albania's fate was sealed.

As van Mierlo had been pleased to point out that the "current crisis shows a lack of confidence by the people in the system," I asked at a press conference whether he thought a similar insurrection in the port of Rotterdam by drug-smugglers and other common criminals seeking to hold the rest of the country for ransom would similarly reflect an erosion of confidence on the part of the Dutch people in the legitimacy of their country's institutions. From this conclusion he demurred. If such an eventuality ever comes to pass, one can only hope that, having escaped the "current crisis" with his life, Sali Berisha might be able to travel to the Netherlands and there instruct the government that, in van Mierlo's own words, "A process must start alongside the process of non-violence: a process of double-track political dialogue which can lead to prepared elections." As things are, this is precisely the track that has driven Albania off the rails. □

Unnatural Processes

PETER BRIMELOW

NEW YORK CITY

THERE is a sad symmetry in the fact that Bill Buckley's obituary of Leo Rosten appeared in the same issue of *NR* (March 24) as Tom McArdle's follow-up report ("Al Gore's Voter Mill") on the White House's now-notorious damn-the-background-checks-full-speed-ahead campaign to naturalize immigrants, which he first exposed here last year ("Instant Democrats," July 1, 1996). Rosten's *The Education of H*Y*M*A*N K*A*P*L*A*N* is the classic comic account of an Eastern European immigrant's struggle to learn at night school the language and lore of his new country in order to qualify for citizenship. Today, that immigrant simply wouldn't have to bother.

This is the real scandal in the operation of the Immigration and Naturalization Service. It dates back to long before the special program launched by the INS in mid 1995 to relieve the backlog of citizenship applications (why? what's the hurry?) and its utterly predictable hijacking by Hispanic professional activists and their Democratic collaborators. The rigorous naturalization examination feared by Rosten's Kaplan has long been a thing of the past.

Clinton's immigrant criminals, in the end, are a disease of the skin compared to this disease of the heart. No serious effort is now made to ensure the civic education, and above all the loyalty, of prospective citizens.

Citizenship has become, in effect, merely a license to collect welfare. Last year's Republican reform denying welfare to non-citizens, whatever its other merits, has simply accentuated this tendency in the absence of complementary naturalization reform—such as lengthening the five-year residency requirement.

It is common to deride the INS as an incompetent bureaucracy. But in my personal experience (I finally became a citizen in 1994, nearly a quarter of a century after my first arrival from Britain) it has been effective if impersonal. Understandably impersonal—the volume of immigrants has as much as quintupled in some years since the 1965 Act; and shows no sign of diminishing. Numbers, as always, are of the essence in immigration policy. The INS's problems cannot be understood except in the context of this overwhelming flood.

I realized what was going on when I was sitting in an INS waiting room, trying to calculate how long it would be before I was called for my naturalization interview. I saw with surprise that the huddled masses were actually shuffling along very quickly. Incredibly, it even seemed likely that I would be through in less time than we had been officially advised. This was a unique experience in my interactions with governments. I was about to get a welfare license much faster than I could get a New York State driver's license.

"This won't take long at all," I told the girl next to me, who had just confided hesitantly that she was a Serb.

She began to look hopeful. Perhaps she was worried about the section in the application form that asked, after whether you were a member of the Communist Party (three lines) or involved with the Third Reich (seven lines), *"Have you at any time, anywhere, ever ordered, incited, assisted, or otherwise participated in the persecution of any person because of race, religion, national origin, or political opinion?"*

Strictly interpreted, this appears to me to describe politics in most of the world. But it does tell you something about the system's universalist priorities. Significantly, there are no queries about whether the applicant has ever acted against American interests.

In fact, I was asked only one question at my interview: did I know what country the U.S. broke away from.

"I guess you know that," said the INS agent.

I said I did. (Mexico! Just kidding.)

She was acting entirely properly. I have a graduate degree from a major American university and a career in New York journalism. She could assume a lot. And she had to get on with that backlog.

But this is quite new. The naturalization system that most Americans fondly believe is still protecting them was developed early this century, partly because of the 1890–1920 Great Wave of immigration and partly because of the intense but now-forgotten *Kulturkampf* against German immigrant influence in World War I. (In 1920, the Supreme Court revoked the papers of a German-American who had defended the sinking of the British liner *Lusitania* by a German submarine in 1915.) Throughout this period, radicals were denied citizenship or even had it withdrawn because they were judged to lack clear attachment to "the principles of the Constitution." To learn those principles, working men and women went to night schools—just like Hyman Kaplan—attending courses lasting seven months on average, with classes held almost daily. In 1946, the celebrated British poet W. H. Auden had a notably tough naturalization interview.

I was about to get a welfare license much faster than I could get a New York State driver's license.

Mr. Brimelow is a senior editor of NR, *and of* Forbes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The novelist Aldous Huxley was nearly flunked because of his aggressive pacifism.

This system seems to have been undermined by administrative action in the last thirty years. (Similarly, those of us with "Green Cards"—resident-alien status—gradually discovered in the early 1980s that we were no longer required to report our whereabouts annually to the INS.)

Some of the results are already palpable. For example, in 1990 the Census reported that nearly a third of the immigrants who had entered the country between 1980 and 1990 *and had become citizens* were "linguistically isolated"—that is, living in homes where no one over the age of 14 speaks only English or speaks English "very well." Yet until 1990 English proficiency was usually a condition of naturalization.

How clear is these new citizens' attachment to "the principles of the Constitution" can only be conjectured.

Perhaps it doesn't matter. I don't remember much about the Constitution at the Naturalization Oath ceremony I attended. I do remember that the presiding judge, who seemed a nice man, told us that we were now as good Americans as those whose ancestors had been here ten generations and that the United States still had a serious problem—racism. The crowd of maybe 150, including perhaps 20 whites, many of them members of the same Hasidic family, listened impassively. But I don't suppose the woman behind me, who had been openly discussing her intention to send her children back to the Caribbean in the event of another military draft, felt inspired to any greater loyalty.

The collapse of the naturalization system is so apparent that Linda Chavez's Center for Equal Opportunity put out a report last year showing that the absence of INS controls had seriously weakened the screening process. In her March 12 *Washington Times* column, Miss Chavez was forced to denounce what she calls the "scandalous degradation of citizenship" represented by the White House's Instant Democrat campaign.

Miss Chavez espouses the precarious Beltway Conservative Establishment line: Immigration is fine; we just need to work on assimilation.

Yeah. But doctors joke about a test for insanity: Put someone in a room with an overflowing sink and a mop. And then see if he tries to mop up the mess—or just turns off the tap. □

Mexican Standoff

SAM QUINONES

MEXICO CITY

THE news regarding Mexico over the last few weeks has galled most Americans almost as much as it has people here. First came the arrest of General Jesús Gutiérrez, chief of the country's drug-intelligence agency and allegedly in the pay of Juarez Cartel leader Amado Carrillo Fuentes. Not long after that, the *New York Times* reported allegations that two Mexican governors had taken drug money. Then Humberto García Abrego—whose brother Juan ran the Matamoros Cartel until his arrest last year—somehow disappeared while being questioned by police. Those same police seem incapable of catching any other cartel leaders—Carrillo or the Arellano Felix brothers, who are suspected of murdering Juan Cardinal Posadas in 1993.

Mexicans, meanwhile, are incensed over the certification process. They have

Mr. Quinones is a freelance writer living in Mexico City.

Cal Thomas
William Buckley
Pat Buchanan
Ariana Huffington
Thomas Sowell
Robert Novak
Suzanne Fields
Tony Snow
...and many more.

Imagine.

All your favorite columnists in one place.

Your Desktop.

Now, with access to the World Wide Web, nationally syndicated columnists are just a click away—unedited, uncut, and available to you at or before the time they appear in print. The right place, the right time, the right columnists!

You don't have to rely on the liberal press to keep you informed. Imagine, unfiltered columns of major conservative thinkers—available to you at the same time as to newspaper editors across the country. In addition, you can share your own thoughts with conservatives nationwide in *The Conservative Current's* private online discussion forum. Subscribe to *The Current* today!

The Conservative Current is a subscription feature of the website Town Hall, the largest and most comprehensive conservative site on the Web.

Conservative Current Subscription Rates: $25 for 6 months, $40 for 12 months. To subscribe, visit www.townhall.com and click on *The Current*.

CompuServe members GO TOWNHALL! *The Conservative Current* columnists are also available on the Town Hall CompuServe Forum, the largest policy forum on CompuServe.

TOWNHALL
Explore The New Conservative World
www.townhall.com
Town Hall, Inc. 214 Massachusetts Ave., NE Washington, DC 20002

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a drug problem because America has one. Cartoonists down here have portrayed Uncle Sam as both a cokehead, snorting lines which turn out to be the stripes of the flag, and a junkie, teething a rubber cord to steady his arm as he signs the certification document.

Cartoonists have portrayed Uncle Sam as a cokehead and as a junkie.

Then Sen. Ernest Hollings further inflamed matters. He suggested to Madeleine Albright that the U.S. needed some new friends in Mexico and probably ought to provoke a political crisis so as to get rid of the ruling Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI). And there's no indication that bi-lateral love will get deeper soon. A trial in Houston of Mario Ruiz Massieu began recently. If prosecutors keep their promises, it will connect the family of former President Carlos Salinas de Gortari with the drug cartels.

The past few weeks have been one of those rare moments when Americans' attention is directed toward the country with which we share the 1,952-mile border that divides the First World from the Third. The average American might be pardoned for thinking that Mexican politics is one harrowing cesspool of corruption and dirty money. Hollings, Dianne Feinstein, and Richard Gephardt and Jesse Helms, has felt that way for years. They're right. But Americans ought to pause before giving way to any cozy self-righteousness or heavy-handed political maneuvers.

Mexican corruption has to do with the most remarkable one-party state in the world. The PRI was formed in 1929, in the era of the great one-party states: the Fascists, the Nazis, the Bolsheviks. It has quietly outlasted them all and will be the only one to make it—albeit limping—into the twenty-first century.

Political scientists interested in how one-party states maintain and use power wasted their time studying the various Fascist or Communist permutations. The PRI had the answer all along. First, it had no ideology beyond self-preservation—so anyone could fit in. Second, it discovered this enduring truth: every man has his price. Instead of rustling up some master race or a dictatorship of the proletariat, the PRI bought off all those who could give it trouble—intellectuals, unionists, lawyers, farmers, teachers, street vendors, garbage pickers, students. The cost of loyalty was: a research grant, a piece of sidewalk on which to sell, land, money, or merely the chance to break the law without being hassled. In downtown Mexico City, an entire 13-story building is jammed with tiny offices housing the shells of what were once fiery social movements, now bought off.

The PRI offered the primary characteristic the U.S. sought in a Cold War Latin American government: stability. The party tolerated no competition. So what developed was a steroid-gorged

Roman Genn

presidency and party structure sitting atop a weak, dependent everything else. As long as things stayed calm, no one in the U.S. Government seemed to care too much. But the façade has crumbled. In the middle of a terrifying drug war, Mexico finds itself institutionally, not to mention economically, unarmed.

DEA agents have understood this for some time. U.S. politicians are beginning to get the point now, too. According to Raphael Ruiz Harrell, a Mexico City law professor and criminologist, "Mexican society has been broken by the government. It couldn't organize itself. There was no civil society capable of speaking for itself."

At no time is the effect clearer than when drug trafficking is the focus. Mexico's military—its "clean institution"—can't match the narcos' reach. Its police forces are involved up to their mirrored shades in drug smuggling; the congress, judiciary, and press are spineless toadies. Local governments—which might have provided an economic, political, and moral bulwark—can barely keep roads paved. Even the Catholic Church and business leaders are just now learning their social role.

Take a trip through northwest Mexico—Sonora, Durango, Chihuahua, and especially Sinaloa, where drug smuggling began—and you will see a true and vital "narcoculture" developing in the institutional vacuum. Traffickers are revered as heroes. They are manly free-traders who satisfy the gringos' aching demand for dope. The "narcocorrido," an entire genre of music recounting the exploits of drug smugglers, has emerged as the dominant form of popular music. Narcos are even known to commission songs about themselves the way princes paid painters in Renaissance Europe.

"The government"—by which people mean the police or army—has long been discredited as corrupt, incompetent, unfair. In many areas, narcos are the major employers. And sometimes they do what government can't. Rafael Caro Quintero, the now-imprisoned narco who killed DEA agent Enrique Camarena in 1985, is still admired for having put the first paved roads in his native region, central Sinaloa.

What Senators Hollings and Feinstein feel so powerless to affect is really just the natural extension of a 68-year system based on purchased loyalty and the prostitution of law. The difference is that the traffickers, not the party, now have the money to call the shots.

Meanwhile, the PRI is falling apart. What happened in Eastern Europe in the late 1980s—the crumbling of a desiccated one-party state—is now happening in Mexico. Mexicans, meanwhile, are exercising long-atrophied civic muscles. There's a public effervescence that is exciting to watch—politics, sex, and economics are discussed frankly.

No one's sure what will emerge from this historic moment. Spain needed only two years after Franco died to come to an agreement on new basic political rules. Chile and Argentina required short periods as well. Untangling the web of deals that kept Mexico together has taken eight years—so far.

But if nothing else, the hullaballoo of the last several weeks ought to convince Americans that we can no longer afford to look south only during Certification February each year. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOW DIRECT FROM NATIONAL REVIEW!

"There is no other such book because there is no other such writer. It is a joy that goes on and on and on."

—SENATOR DANIEL PATRICK MOYNIHAN

"Buckley is unique among American letteratti . . ."

—NEW YORK POST

"Moments of humor, generously sprinkled throughout, do much to give this book its appeal. . . . an assortment to entertain even some language lovers who find Buckley's politics less than amusing."

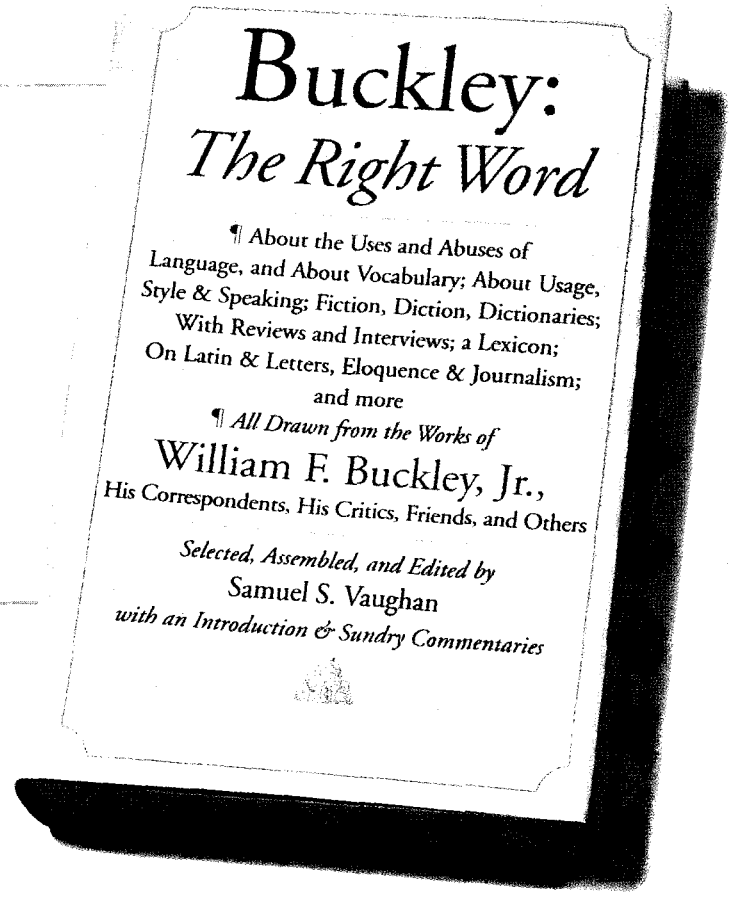
—KIRKUS REVIEWS

"This book's conclusion is worthy of Dr. Johnson himself. . . . Vaughan's notes, introductions, and running commentary . . . are downright entertaining."

—PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

"For any lover of the English language, *The Right Word* is surely the nicest present that ever could be imagined."

—JAMES J. KILPATRICK


Buckley:
The Right Word
¶ About the Uses and Abuses of Language, and About Vocabulary; About Usage, Style & Speaking; Fiction, Diction, Dictionaries; With Reviews and Interviews; a Lexicon; On Latin & Letters, Eloquence & Journalism; and more
¶ All Drawn from the Works of
William F. Buckley, Jr.,
His Correspondents, His Critics, Friends, and Others
Selected, Assembled, and Edited by
Samuel S. Vaughan
with an Introduction & Sundry Commentaries

National Review/TRW, 215 Lexington Avenue, NY, NY 10016

Send me____copies of *Buckley: The Right Word* @ $28.00 per copy (includes shipping and handling). I enclose payment of $____. Send my copies to:

Name _____ Payment Method: ☐ Check enclosed.

Address _____ Bill my: ☐ MasterCard ☐ Visa

City _____ Acct. No. _____

State _____ Exp. Date _____

Zip _____ Signature _____

Foreign orders add $4.00. NYS residents add sales tax. Make checks to "National Review."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CARPETBAGGERS ARE BACK

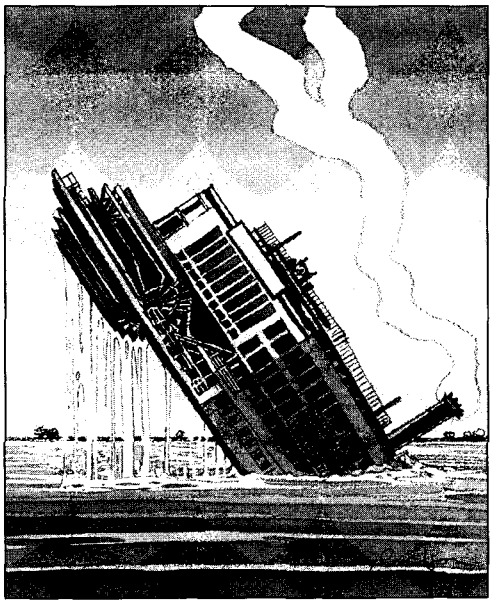
Mississippi Gambles

Betting on a quick fix to solve its economic problems, Mississippi embraced legalized gambling. It dealt itself a poor hand.

BEN C. TOLEDANO

IN February, the House of the Mississippi Legislature passed a bill amending the statute which sets forth the qualifications of competent jurors. The amendment deletes the disqualification of "common gamblers or habitual drunkards." One legislator explained the bill's passage this way: ". . . the legalization of casinos in Mississippi makes the gambling requirement unfair. You know now we encourage common gambling."

Mississippi didn't always encourage common gambling. In 1951, the Preparedness Subcommittee of the U.S. Senate Committee on Armed Services held a hearing in Biloxi on the subject of "Illegal Gambling Activities near Keesler Air Force Base." Parents of young servicemen had complained to their congressmen that gambling on the Gulf Coast was adversely affecting their sons. Indeed, two young lieutenants who owed large sums of money to the gamblers had tragically committed suicide. Senator Lester C. Hunt of Wyoming presided over the hearing.



At that time in Harrison County there were 1,257 illegal slot machines. Witnesses testified that servicemen lost between $500,000 and $750,000 a month (the air base's monthly payroll was $4 million). Major Alexander, the base's air police officer, testified regarding the two suicides and the general ill effects of gambling upon the boys, whose average age was 18. When asked if gambling was harmful to the personnel at Keesler, he replied: "Gambling is no good for anyone, airmen or civilians."

After 46 years, the 1,257 illegal slot machines have been replaced by 11,624 legal ones. And a former commanding officer of Keesler Air Force Base, Major General Paul Harvey, is now the executive director of the Mississippi Gaming Commission (MGC). Where honky-tonks once bordered the shoreline, towering tasteless hotels and massive garish casinos now stand. For generations, it was believed that illegal gambling could never be eliminated on the Gulf Coast. The solution was actually very simple. Legalize it.

Unfortunately, when Mississippi comes to mind, so does the word *poor*. Poor people, black and white; poor schools on every level; poor economic opportunities; poor leadership, political, business, and civic. Though unprepared for constructive changes, Mississippi was ripe for legalized gambling: so cheap to buy; so easy to influence; so predisposed to a quick fix. The Carpetbaggers have returned to Mississippi, and they are aided and abetted by local politicians, lawyers, developers, landowners, and speculators—Scalawags, so to speak. *Poor* comes to mind once more.

In Mississippi, few things happen quickly. But gambling was legalized so quickly that most people still don't know how it happened.

In March 1989, the Mississippi Legislature approved "Cruise Vessel" gambling. Only a year later, the Legislature greatly reduced the requirements for Cruise Vessels and defined a new category, Vessels. Vessels did not have to be under way but could simply be "on the Mississippi River or navigable waters within any county bordering on the Mississippi River." Dockside casino gambling was thus legalized.

The battle over the bill was fought in the 52-member state Senate. After extensive wheeling, dealing, trading, and pleading, the vote was 22 to 20 in favor of the bill. Ten senators took a walk. Thus, by a margin of 2 votes, with only 80 per cent of the Senate voting, the economic, political, and cultural makeup of the state was radically altered.

Shortly thereafter, the Legislature, in what was in name and fact an Extraordinary Session, passed the Mississippi Gaming Control Act (MGCA), which, among other things,

Mr. Toledano is a lawyer who resides in Pass Christian, Mississippi.

ILLUSTRATION BY FREDERICK H. CARLSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

approved dockside gambling "in the waters . . . which lie adjacent to the State of Mississippi south of the three most southern counties."

The entire scenario was carefully crafted. Since "Christian" legislators were a problem, they had to receive concessions. Of Mississippi's 82 counties, only 14 were permitted to exercise local options on "dockside" gambling. Presumably, that would leave 68 uninfected. It was exactly what the casino operators wanted; they knew they would lose a statewide referendum by a large margin.

So the high hurdle had been cleared, leaving only the low hurdles of obtaining voter approval in the 14 counties directly affected. When someone applies for a casino license, if the required number of registered voters in the county do not sign a petition in a timely manner, the governing board of the county *must* approve dockside casino gambling. If a petition is filed and a referendum is held, a vote in favor of gambling is final and definitive. Once the people vote yes, they can never again vote on the issue. *But*, if the people vote no the first time, they can vote again, an unlimited number of times, presumably until they vote yes. To date, 7 of 11 Mississippi River counties and 2 of 3 Gulf Coast counties allow casino gambling.

One legislator explained the economic Reconstruction of Mississippi this way: "It all happened so fast, we hardly had time to vote on the bill, much less read it." There had been no public hearing or study of the issues involved. No efforts were made to determine if casino taxes would be regressive in nature; no social-impact study was conducted regarding the costs owing to increased crime, compulsive gambling, demands upon highway and sanitation systems,

In the lingo of casino proponents, a 'moderate' is someone in favor of legalized gambling; an 'extremist' is one who's against.

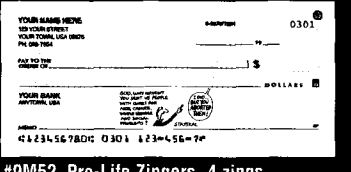
or adverse effects upon existing businesses. The prevailing legislative attitude was: Vote for casino gambling and consider the problems after the fact.

Under the Act, the executive director of the MGC oversees the regulation of all licensed casinos. However, it was clear from the beginning that Paul Harvey intended to be much more than a regulator. For example, he said, "We're not limiting the industry in Mississippi under this commission. We're going to let free enterprise do its number." At one proposed site which was under attack from environmentalists, Harvey told proponents of the casino, "We're pulling for you. We want it to happen."

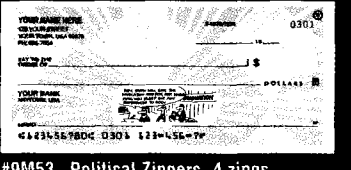
In short order, Harvey was criticized for being a cheer-

Help make it right!

#9M51 Unborn, 1 design, 4 statements


#9M52 Pro-Life Zingers, 4 zings

#9M55 Pro-Life, 4 designs


#9M53 Political Zingers, 4 zings

#9M54 Family Values, 4 designs

#9M56 Founding Fathers, 4 designs

Every check that you write passes through the hands of at least 16 people before the money is taken from your account. That's 16 people who can be influenced by what they see on your check. Show them the way to make things right!

Order a box of 200 single checks for only $12.95 or 150 duplicate checks for $14.95. That's less expensive than checks from most banks or credit unions, if they would ever sell checks like these.

All designs are available in single part or duplicates. They are printed in full color and are top bound. Each order comes complete with one-part deposit tickets, check register and vinyl checkbook cover, all absolutely free.

HELP MAKE THE FUTURE RIGHT FOR OUR CHILDREN!

ORDERING INSTRUCTIONS

Enclose these items in an envelope:

A. COMPLETED ORDER FORM

B. VOIDED CHECK (or reorder form from current supply) with any changes indicated. No Photocopies, please.

C. DEPOSIT SLIP (also from current supply).

D. PAYMENT CHECK, payable to LIFE CHECKS.

Mail the completed order to: LIFE CHECKS
Box 1057, Park Ridge, IL 60068 1-847-PRO-LIFE

Name _____

Daytime Phone (_____) _____

Check Design 9M # _____ Check Name _____

Start checks with this number: # ☐☐☐☐
(If not specified, starting number will be 301).

☐ Check here if you do not wish to receive a vinyl checkbook cover.

SINGLE CHECKS OR DUPLICATE CHECKS	☐ 200 – $12.95	☐ 400 – $23.95
	☐ 150 – $14.95	☐ 300 – $26.95
9M2004	Check Price: $	
Special Lettering, add $2.00: $ ☐ Old English (C) ☐ Script (D) ☐ Elegance (E) ☐ Contempo (F)		
Leather Checkbook Cover, add $9.95: $ ☐ Black ☐ Burgundy		
Shipping & Handling Fee: $		1.50
Express Service, add $6.00: $ (Includes In-Plant Rush & Priority Mail)		
SUB TOTAL: $		
Sales Tax, IL Residents only, add 6.5%: $		
GRAND TOTAL: $		

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leader for the casino industry, and for alleged conflicts of interest because his son-in-law worked for a casino and his daughter worked as a law-enforcement agent for the Commission. In the fall of 1995, Harvey brushed off questions about his relationship with George Baxter, the former president of Jubilee Casino, who pleaded guilty to federal charges of laundering $200,000 in drug money through his casino.

Again, in August 1996, Harvey was criticized for being the only state regulator who sits on the board of the National Center for Responsible Gaming (NCRG), an organization formed and funded by the casino industry's trade organization, the American Gaming Association. Harvey says that because he's a reputable and ethical person, he has no problem serving on the board. Harvey is now chairman of the NCRG.

TO DRIVE through some of Tunica County's 40,000 acres of cotton on miles and miles of lonely roads is a strange experience. It is easy to forget there are people in the world. Sometimes you go many miles without even seeing another car. Then, very suddenly, the cotton gives way to a weird crop of monstrous tributes to kitsch—not just gambling halls, but also restaurants, bars, shops, clothing stores, hotels, motels, and even golf courses, what you might call a living, golfing, gambling community to amuse children of all ages.

It was predicted that the influx of the new casino "culture" would improve the grim economic conditions of Tunica County, and it has. Fewer people are on welfare and more have jobs. Unfortunately, that is only part of the picture. In most respects, the wide gaps which have always separated whites from blacks, economically, educationally, and culturally, have widened with the new glitzy affluence.

In December 1993, Phil Satre, president of the Promus Companies, at that time the parent company to Harrah's Casinos, was the guest speaker at a National Press Club luncheon. Clayton Boyce, the moderator, introduced Satre with deference bordering on reverence. He pointed out that, in addition to being an Elvis impersonator who knew all the words to "Rockahula," Satre had also once represented Mississippi's most famous native son in a Nevada lawsuit.

First, the honored guest wanted to clear up a misunderstanding. "In the debate about casinos, much of the moral argument against legalization is based upon the belief that gaming is mainly about money or about greed. It is not. It is about entertainment." When his casino opened in Tunica, Satre rejoiced that "adults of all ages, all races, and both sexes" played slot machines and blackjack together, celebrated together, and interacted "with one another in a comfortable and safe environment."

In fact, Satre's industry is alarmingly attentive to the characteristics of particular racial, religious, and ethnic groups. The first vote to approve dockside gambling in Harrison County (Gulfport and Biloxi) took place in December 1990. The plan was narrowly rejected. Another vote could be held a year later, and the casino interests geared up to win the second go-round. They engaged the services of Nancy Todd, the president of a political consulting firm specializing in gambling referenda, and Washington pollster Bill Hamilton, who, in *Campaigns and Elections*, described the campaign in these terms: "We were targeting lower incomes, Catholics, and black men. Those groups didn't have a moral problem with gambling and were the most in need of new jobs." Strong and effective efforts were made by Miss Todd to get out the vote. Those programs resulted in the largest turnout in the county's history, in which 57 per cent voted in favor of dockside gambling. "The mood was right," says Hamilton, "the moral issue wasn't about to sway the moderates while they felt their standard of living slipping away." In the lingo of casino proponents, a "moderate" is someone in favor of legalized gambling; an "extremist" is one who's against.

This is just one example of the racial, ethnic, and religious targeting used by the gambling industry. The Trump Taj Mahal in Atlantic City is so devoted to ethnic groups that it presents "themed events" on such occasions as Chinese New Year, Martin Luther King's birthday, St. Patrick's Day, and Columbus Day. Boyd Gaming Corporation's California Hotel in Las Vegas offers what its executive vice president and general manager, John Repetti, calls "the aloha spirit—a feeling of the way people are treated in the islands." Eighty-five per cent of its customers are Hawaiians. Funny about that "aloha spirit": Hawaii is one of the two states, the other being Utah, that haven't legalized gambling.

LEGALIZED gambling leads to political control over individuals, communities, and local and state governments. In Mississippi, small-town career politicians with limited formal education are no match for the casino Carpetbaggers, who give the locals two words to recite to their constituents: *jobs* and *revenue*. The average politician in this state or in any other legalized-gambling state doesn't start out a pawn to the gamblers, but it doesn't take a high-school education to know the sources of campaign contributions.

If the casino industry is just another business, then why is it taxed differently from, say, General Motors or Home Depot? Why is it shaken down by every level of state and local government? Why does it pay annual fees, local option fees, and city and county fees on each gaming device along with monthly gross-revenue fees, state annual device fees, and even background investigation costs? One problem surely is eliminated by legalizing casino gambling: the irregular,

"Poor Joe. He's only lucky in love."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haphazard method by which government got paid when gambling was illegal, with kickbacks having to masquerade as "fines." Under the new arrangement, you can supposedly prepare budgets, reallocate other revenue sources, and generally run things in a businesslike manner.

Not only are state and local governments receiving legal payoffs, the local Scalawags, once far more despised than the Carpetbaggers, are in hog heaven. Here's how it works. The large law firms in Jackson and in the local areas get retained, either by the casino itself, or by the parent company, or by one of the officers, or by someone in the industry. If a small firm happens to represent casino opponents, it is suddenly offered a lucrative retainer to represent some state or county board, commission, or agency. As a result, most firms are either committed to or neutralized by the casinos. And don't forget that legislators can also be lawyers and members of law firms. And former legislators can be lawyers, too, and so can former state officials. In fact, right now in Mississippi there are three former state Supreme Court justices who have represented casino interests.

Then there are the charities, the civic groups, the service clubs, the cultural societies, the private schools, and even some of the churches—all the nonprofit institutions which, back in 1951, Senator Hunt explained benefited from gamblers' desire to cultivate "the good will of the community." In the September 23, 1994, issue of the Biloxi–Gulfport *Sun Herald* there appeared a picture of John Connelly, the majority shareholder of President Casino Corporation, presenting to the Most Reverend Joseph Howze a check the size of a small billboard in the amount of $1 million payable to the order of "Catholic Diocese of Biloxi." Bishop Howze is a black man and a Roman Catholic, two of the casinos' "target groups." In spite of the picture, the article stated that the $1-million donation was, well, not exactly a donation. It was a "bequest *guaranteed* in Connelly's will." The article also said Connelly was "the primary financial backer of a $20-million hotel being built in Vatican City to house members of the Catholic hierarchy."

The attitude of the local elected officials is well illustrated by the following true story. One of the good-ole-boy local hustlers has a piece of land tucked way back on the bayou in an unspoiled, pristine natural setting. Even the birds have trouble remembering how to get there. People have to use a two-lane winding road. In spite of the property's remoteness, the owner came up with a creative use. Why not put a casino, marina, hotel, and golf course there? One local politico who would have to approve the plan said he hadn't had a chance to review it but was 100 per cent for it because of the revenue it would bring to the county. The mayor of the nearest town also said he'd welcome the revenue from such a development. And just to make sure he had a friend on the highest court, the casino applicant hosted a luncheon to benefit the Fellowship of Christian Athletes and to honor MGC member Victor Smith, who is in the oil and gas business, owns several religious bookstores, and was a former part owner of a Las Vegas casino.

The Department of Economic and Community Development proudly advertises that the state's thirty casinos "Put Mississippi Where It Is Today—Right Next to Las Vegas." There's no turning back here, but other states can learn from us, if they care to, that if they gamble, they lose. □

THOMAS AQUINAS COLLEGE

SUMMER

GREAT BOOKS PROGRAM

FOR

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS

AUGUST 3 - AUGUST 15, 1997

Designed for students who have completed at least two years of high school, this program offers an opportunity to exercise the mind, the spirit and the body.

The classes will be conducted, as all classes at Thomas Aquinas College, using the Socratic method of discussion. These will be guided by full-time faculty of the College, with no more than twenty students.

The two week course includes readings from Sophocles' *Antigone*, the *Crito* of Plato, the *Declaration of Independence*, The Book of *Genesis*, Kierkegaard's Fear and Trembling, as well as Bertrand Russell, Shakespeare, Euclid, C.S. Lewis and more.

Mass will be celebrated daily, and at least one chaplain will be available on campus at all times.

Intense thinking should be tempered with rest and play, and the location of the College is ideal for recreation of all sorts. Besides daily sports, an occasional movie, and hiking in the hills surrounding the campus, there will be trips to such places as Los Angeles to attend a concert or visit a museum, and to Santa Barbara to enjoy the beach and the historical sites of the city.

The cost is $600, which includes housing, meals, books and organized activities off campus.

Call our Admissions Office (800) 634-9797 for a registration brochure.
Thomas Aquinas College, 10000 N. Ojai Rd., Santa Paula, California 93060

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NATIONAL REPORT CARD

C for Effort

The President is not addressing the serious education issues facing America. Neither is Congress.

CHESTER E. FINN JR.

REPUBLICANS on Capitol Hill and conservatives in general appear confused by Bill Clinton's ten-part education program and fat education budget. GOP congressional staffers privately admit that they don't know how to handle items like "national testing." Wisconsin Gov. Tommy Thompson has indicated opposition, while Michigan Gov. John Engler has voiced support.

How, then, to judge the merits of the White House plan? First, it is important to recognize that it's not a unified "plan" at all, but rather a collection of loosely related programs which the President happened to throw together in the same speech. It's pointless to search for coherence—and meaningless to be "for" or "against" the lot of them. Instead, they are rather like a list of unrelated courses offered to a brainy but undisciplined student to fulfill "distribution" and "diversity" requirements at a second-rate college with no core curriculum. Here's how I grade them:

—*Standards and tests*: B. At the top of Mr. Clinton's list, this is also his boldest idea. Republicans should applaud it (after important details are fixed) as a long-overdue step toward true accountability. Actually, it's surprising that this Administration has proposed any form of national testing, especially the kind that might make a difference to parents and students. When George Bush and Lamar Alexander floated something similar, Democrats were outraged. And when a Bush-era panel suggested another version of this idea, one of its prominent critics was Marshall Smith, then Stanford's education dean and now second in command at the Education Department.

Mercifully, the Clinton White House is not urging any new efforts to develop "national standards." Perhaps memories of the recent history and English debacles are too painful. Instead, it has realized that solid standards are already embedded in existing tests. Simply allowing these tests to be used more broadly will generate the results that parents, state legislators, and governors crave.

Clinton would therefore take the National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP) 4th-grade reading test and 8th-grade math test and adapt them for voluntary use by interested states and communities. While limited, at least for now, to the most basic of skills, these tests would not have a big impact on the budget, especially since commercial publishers would be licensed to administer them—a welcome form of outsourcing.

The problems, of course, lurk in the fine print. It appears that the White House plans to use "discretionary" funds to implement the policy without congressional approval; it also plans to use as its benchmark NAEP's "basic" standard rather than the much loftier "proficient" standard; and—most worrisome—it intends to keep the whole testing enterprise within the bosom of the Education Department rather than entrusting it to the bi-partisan and independent National Assessment Governing Board. All that must be changed before Clinton's plan warrants support.

—*National teacher certification*: C. The President proposes to have the federal Treasury pay a private board to screen 100,000 teachers for classroom prowess. However, because the board's review process is complex and costly (and perhaps because this union-heavy outfit isn't keen to brand certain teachers as superior), it has spent millions of federal dollars over the course of a decade and certified barely five hundred people. Furthermore, political correctness is seeping into its standards; board-blessed teachers are expected to "promote diversity." In any case, those who make it through the screening are paid more by many school systems. They should be expected to invest in their own professional futures, not send the bill to Washington.

Mr. Finn is John M. Olin Fellow at the Hudson Institute. He served as assistant U.S. secretary of education from 1985 to 1988, and as a member of the National Assessment Governing Board from 1988 to 1996.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*"America Reads"*: D. It's hard to argue against third-graders' knowing how to read; and there's nothing wrong with college volunteers' listening to seven-year-olds sound out new words. But the President's plan to have a million amateurs doing something that 2.7 million professionals cannot manage smells a lot like a salvage operation for his beleaguered "AmeriCorps." The problem with primary reading in the U.S. isn't a lack of teachers; it's that too few of our teachers use proven methods to impart this vital skill to their young charges. Whole-language nonsense has been dogma in our teacher colleges for a decade. *Ten* million volunteers wouldn't solve that problem.

Almost a third of today's freshmen require remediation—and many more would if college academic standards hadn't also slipped.

—*Early learning*: D. Sure, education begins in the cradle, and, yes, parents need to be more involved. But apart from expanding Head Start (the cognitive effects of which essentially vanish by third grade) there's little here besides some dubious conferences on "the brain" and "the family."

In any case, no conference can improve the dismal record of federal "compensatory" education programs, which have cost a hundred billion dollars or so since Lyndon Johnson was in the White House and have produced dismal results. What we know for certain is that children do well when they grow up in strong families that love, nurture, and read to them. But Uncle Sam can't supply that.

—*School choice and charter schools*: C. President Clinton has learned the concepts: parents should be free to choose their children's school, and independent "charter" schools are a good way to bust the bureaucracy and create better choices. But his proposals fall short of what's needed. Bowing to his teacher-union pals, he confines choice to government schools—though many youngsters, especially those trapped in urban school systems, would do better in private parochial schools. While modest federal checks help charter-school founders offset start-up costs, they would be helped far more if the President and the Congress would snip the red tape that snarls them in government regulations and denies their students a fair share of existing funds.

—*Character education in the schools*: B. If the President is serious about uniforms, curfews, zero tolerance for drugs and guns, and removing disruptive students from classrooms, then bravo! Now let him show that he means it by instructing his Education Department to have zero tolerance for weapons even when carried by "disabled" students.

—*Construction*: D. Uncle Sam has never been in the business of underwriting schools' bricks and mortar. It's hard to see this one as anything more than expensive, politically appealing tokenism—and the fulfillment of a porky campaign promise.

—*Universal college attendance*: F. So many liberals (and economists) have criticized this "Hope Scholarship" *cum* tax-reduction scheme that conservatives may begin to wonder if it's not a decent idea after all. However, this one deserves bi-partisan denunciation. The problem with American higher education isn't too few people starting the process: we already have more college students than high-school students, and boast the world's loftiest matriculation rates. Indeed, college enrollment directly after high school is at an all-time high: about 64 per cent. The great problem is that far too many of those who enter aren't prepared for college-level work. Almost a third of today's freshmen require remediation—and, if college academic standards hadn't also slipped, many more would. That leads to costly compensatory classes and a soaring college drop-out rate. Guaranteeing everyone a free ride through grades 13 and 14 is like paying for high school twice. It signals the futility of reforming grades 1 through 12. And it will tempt colleges to jack up prices to harvest the new federal windfall.

—*Job training vouchers*: A. Turning what Mr. Clinton rightly terms "the confusing tangle of federal training programs" into vouchers for adult education is a dandy plan. Why won't he do the same for school kids?

—*Technology*: C. Maybe every school in America should be connected to the Internet. But, as with bricks and mortar, is this Uncle Sam's responsibility? And once the wiring is installed, what has been achieved? Linking a 12-year-old to the "web" solves nothing. Yes, he'll learn how to use the technology; but the Internet is basically a vast collection of information, much of it trivial, trashy, or eccentric. American kids must learn to concentrate and analyze and discern, not to web-surf all day before channel-surfing all evening.

Average grade: C–. Not failing but a long way from honors.

WHAT about Congress's grades? Alas, not much higher. Mr. Clinton's fellow Democrats will blanch at the boldness of several of his proposals; they're even cozier with the school establishment than he is and even more likely to respond to rumbles about too-hard tests and too-high standards. (Al Gore has already been signaling the teacher unions that he's not about to press for anything that might rile them between now and November 2000.) And the Republicans seem shell-shocked. They have made no good response to the Clinton package, and their own agenda is pallid and vague.

The 104th Congress first got into trouble in this domain by threatening to slash almost every federal education program, good, bad, or indifferent. Then the GOP reversed course and, in a squalid pre-election bidding war last fall, lavished more money on all the old programs than even the White House had requested. The Republican Congress went so far as to sustain some programs that Clinton had sought to eliminate.

That binge seems to have resulted in a hangover, and the 105th Congress got off to a shaky start. Senate Republicans made sure that their high-profile first bill of the session was an education measure dubbed the Safe and Affordable Schools Act. But aside from a small voucher demonstration program, it's the same sort of stuff Mr. Clinton has proposed, in many respects meeker (and cheaper). Instead of throwing disruptive kids out of school, for example, it would authorize new federal grants to "improve school safety." The Senate bill does not go near the sensitive, but crucial, topic of testing and accountability. Nor does it cure the manifest ills of today's federal programs, which discriminate against charter schools and private schools and cause more kids to be classified as "disabled." It deserves a C, too.

As for the House, virtually nothing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

has happened yet, except for some useful field hearings showing how poorly charter schools are served by present federal programs. Education Committee leaders (Pennsylvania's Bill Goodling and others) have told the White House they're not eager for anything new until existing programs have been closely scrutinized. But most of those programs have been evaluated repeatedly in recent years, and nearly all studies have found them sorely lacking.

We don't need more evaluations. What we need is clear, strong ideas about what to do differently. Mr. Clinton does not lack these, though most of his are bad—and most of those that aren't were GOP ideas before he co-opted them.

Republicans must decide what they're for, not shying away from sound proposals (like testing) that emanate from the Oval Office but also not clinging to harmful, feckless programs just because they've been around for a long time.

They might usefully start by recalling the great problems that need solving:

—A nation that's still at risk because few youngsters learn enough as they pass through school and college. The recently released 1996 NAEP math results, while slightly up from 1992, show that only 24 per cent of U.S. eighth-graders, and a mere 16 per cent of high-school seniors, are "proficient" in this vital skill. International comparisons place us closer to Kuwait and South Africa in math and science achievement than to Singapore and Japan.

—A stolid, leaden, retrograde public-school monopoly in which the interests of producers outweigh those of consumers, where truly bad ideas are conventional wisdom and ineffectual practices are the classroom norm. (If that seems excessive, see E. D. Hirsch's splendid new book, *The Schools We Need & Why We Don't Have Them*.)

—Huge amounts of money being spent without decent returns because the system has no real standards, no true accountability, few satisfactory measures of performance, and an inexplicable faith that "more of the same" will produce different results.

—Heavy-handed government rules and bureaucratic procedures, both federal and state, that buttress the monopoly, discourage innovation, waste money, and help shield everyone from responsibility for his own actions.

Washington alone cannot solve these problems, but Uncle Sam should do his part—and stop making things worse. Here's what a decent package might look like:

First, testing. Get the details straightened out, then do it. It's really less a Clinton proposal than his adaptation of a sound, Republican idea.

Second, establish the principle—across the spectrum of federal programs—that aid dollars follow eligible youngsters into whatever schools they attend. That doesn't happen today because funding formulas are built on school-district demographics. Fixing this would do wonders for charter schools, would give consumers real leverage, and would prevent federal policy from undermining state and local school-choice initiatives.

Third, stop money from following those who are violent in school. Stipulate, too, that no federal law shall require any school to retain any student (disabled or otherwise) who disrupts the education of other children.

Fourth, let the states opt to receive any or all of their federal aid in a no-strings block grant—provided they, too, empower parents by agreeing that this money will follow children who are eligible (for whatever services the state elects to spend it on) to the schools of their choice.

Finally, agree to scrap several dozen ineffectual or obsolete programs—and use the money saved to aid charter schools and experiment with vouchers. Mr. Clinton has begun this process by submitting a fiscal 1998 budget that (while swollen elsewhere) zeroes out some 41 currently authorized federal programs. Surely Congress should accept his list and add a few more items to it. (The eighty-year-old vocational-education program would be a good place to start.)

That's a five-part package with pieces that actually fit together. If it turns out that something of this sort can't be agreed to between the White House and Capitol Hill, we may fairly conclude that neither party's national leaders are up to this task. Then it will be time to send the entire education issue back to the states and communities—where most of it belongs anyway. The odds are far better that it will be successfully tackled in America's statehouses, city halls, and living rooms than at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue. □

Mr. Republican

Does New York Governor George Pataki have what it takes to run for President? Sad to say, yes.

MATTHEW CAROLAN & RAYMOND J. KEATING

THE good news is just pouring out of Albany these days, in sound bites and press releases that tout the accomplishments of Gov. George Pataki: "The income tax has been reduced! Property-tax relief is coming! There are 200,000 fewer welfare recipients, and 146,000 new jobs! Crime is down! Spending has slowed!"

It's a new New York, drifting away from the grandiose statism of Mario Cuomo, and toward something more subdued. As Tom Carroll of CHANGE-NY observes, a new atmosphere has put the Democrats "on the defensive for the first time in 15 years."

All this even has some of Pataki's supporters looking past his re-election bid in 1998 to bigger and better things. "The governor has generated a lot of excitement in the national party," says New York Republican Chairman William Powers, "and I certainly think he has the ability and charisma to run for President and win."

Even conservative journalists are touting the governor. Syndicated columnist Joseph Perkins predicted shortly after the 1996 Republican Convention that

Mr. Carolan is NR*'s executive editor. Mr. Keating serves as chief economist for the Small Business Survival Committee, and is the author of the forthcoming* New York by the Numbers: State and City in Perpetual Crisis *(Madison Books).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pataki would be "one of the front-runners for the Republican presidential nomination in 2000." William Tucker forecast in *The Weekly Standard* last fall that Pataki would find Washington "a piece of cake." And just recently James Pinkerton theorized in *Newsday* that Pataki could set to rights a "Republican Party that has lost two presidential elections in a row because it was seen as unduly influenced by Sunbelt-based Buchananites and Christian Coalitioneers."

Despite the enthusiasm he generates, George Pataki is viewed more in terms of what he is not—a Cuomo liberal, a "Buchananite"—than of what he is. What in fact is he?

When George Pataki first entered the spotlight three years ago, he was an undistinguished state senator, hand-picked by Sen. Alfonse D'Amato as the pro-choice Catholic who could steal the apostate vote from Cuomo. There was little indication that he would have much to say to conservatives.

Once elected, however, the governor pushed for an income-tax cut and a long-awaited death penalty, and put the brakes on runaway spending. Perhaps—as predicted by one insider, who claimed that Pataki's hero is Barry Goldwater—the governor would distance himself from the unsavory D'Amato after all?

That hope was dashed last fall. While conservatives in other states were pushing tax-limitation initiatives, term limits, and even an end to racial quotas, Gov. Pataki, Sen. D'Amato, and several environmental activists put together, and stumped vigorously for, a $1.75-billion environmental-bond act.

The act was sold to the voters as necessary to clean up certain polluted parts of the state—despite the fact that such clean-ups, if truly necessary, could have been accomplished using normal budget allocations, as even some liberal Democrats observed. The measure also left two-thirds of the funds unassigned to any specific project, to be spent later at the politico's discretion. Translation: the bond act was a big, greasy piece of pork at a time when New York already labors under a per-capita debt that is more than double the national average—$3,582 to $1,579 in 1994—and has a debt rating which is one of the nation's worst.

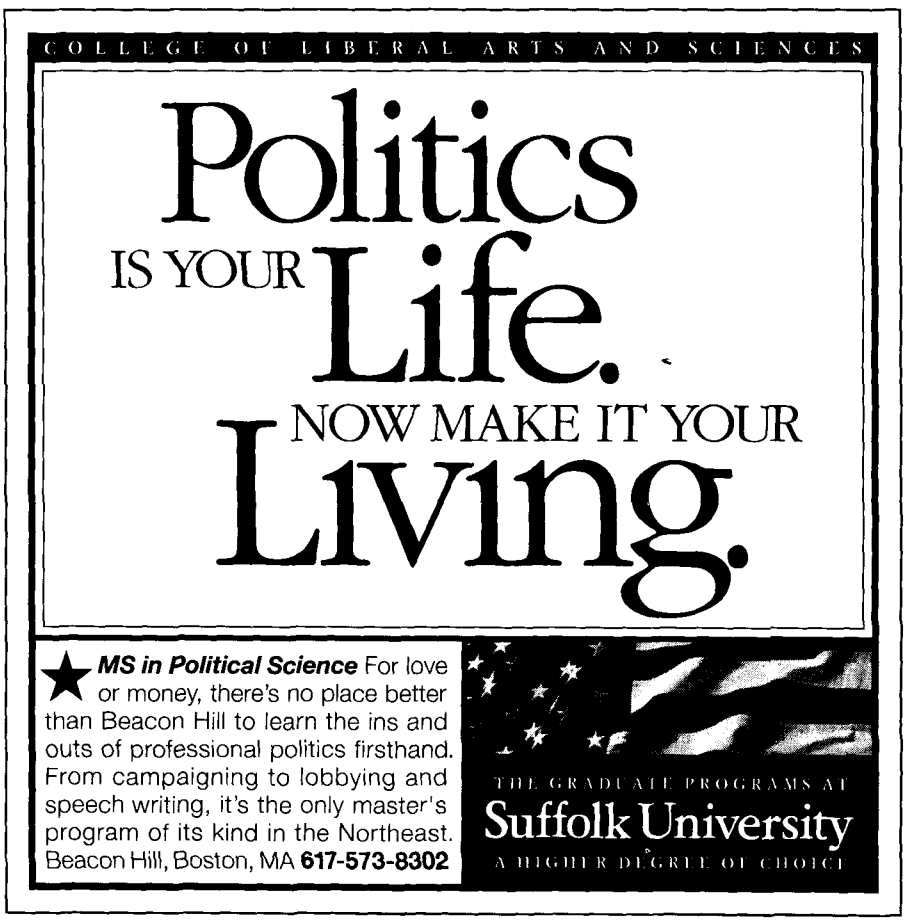
Conservatives should not have been so surprised. For nearly a year before the election, they had been urging Pataki to fight for control of the Assembly, and to bring more principled Republicans into the GOP-run state Senate. Yet Pataki hardly ever mentioned the need for legislative assistance. Consequently, the GOP actually lost one seat—ensuring that the governor's most "drastic" proposals will be diluted by the Assembly for the remainder of his term.

The governor seems disturbingly comfortable with the state's massive system of off-budget debt, spending, and patronage. Despite a constitutional requirement that all long-term debt be approved by the voters, back-door borrowing flourishes in New York, through numerous public authorities run by the party in power. And it doesn't seem to matter which party that is. Nelson Rockefeller was the father of this system, and Mario Cuomo brought it to new heights by having the state sell itself its own roads and prisons to patch up huge budget deficits.

Rather than taking on this system (made up of dubious-sounding agencies like the United Nations Development Corporation, and the New York Energy Research and Development Authority, which spend in excess of *$12 billion* annually), Pataki has followed tradition and filled it with cronies. In fact, some of the state's highest-profile conservatives—like George Marlin (Port Authority) and former Assembly Minority Leader Clarence Rappleyea (New York Power Authority)—can thank Pataki for their $175,000 salaries.

PATAKI'S reputation as a fiscal conservative, then, comes from on-budget spending, which he has increased more slowly than inflation. Supporters like to point out that even Michigan Gov. John Engler has not done that. Pataki's first budget hiked spending just 2.3 per cent, though his second budget lost ground, with spending increases of 3.9 per cent. That budget originally called for just a $500-million increase in expenditures, but an election-year porkfest by both Republicans and Democrats in the state legislature, for everything from bike paths to ballparks, added $2 billion.

In exchange for the pork, Pataki got workers'-compensation reform, which has been praised as a major accomplishment. However, with New York's workers' comp costing an estimated 57 per cent above the national average (according to the Public Policy Institute), the governor's projected cut of


COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS AND SCIENCES
Politics
IS YOUR Life.
NOW MAKE IT YOUR
Living.
MS in Political Science For love or money, there's no place better than Beacon Hill to learn the ins and outs of professional politics firsthand. From campaigning to lobbying and speech writing, it's the only master's program of its kind in the Northeast. Beacon Hill, Boston, MA 617-573-8302
THE GRADUATE PROGRAMS AT
Suffolk University
A HIGHER DEGREE OF CHOICE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

25 per cent leaves a lot of ground to be made up.

Pataki's proposed 1997–98 budget, a whopping $66.1 billion, calls for a spending hike of a little more than 2 per cent. The latest budget also completes the final stage of the governor's vaunted personal-income-tax cut. Assuming Pataki's budget survives in the Assembly, the top individual income-tax rate will drop to 6.85 per cent. That is just a hair below the 7 per cent rate which Cuomo signed into law and then reneged on.

Pataki's supporters like to say his income-tax cut is 'the biggest tax cut in the nation's history.'

Pataki's supporters like to say his income-tax cut is "the biggest tax cut in the nation's history." However, the size of New York's economy naturally makes this tax cut large in total dollar terms. The more legitimate measure of a tax cut is how much tax *rates* are reduced. By this measure, Pataki's tax cut is not large at all. Furthermore, New York's top income-tax rate will still exceed the average for the other 49 states by 25 per cent. What's more, the state's corporate tax rate (9 per cent) ranks among the nation's highest. And New York also levies a destructive capital-gains tax, which even after the Pataki cut will top the other 49 states' average by 38 per cent.

Pataki is also very quietly proposing (no press releases here) to stay the elimination of a 17 per cent Metropolitan Transit Authority surcharge on business taxes levied in the New York City area due to expire at the end of 1997. This amounts to a four-year business-tax hike of over $2 billion. The governor also has agreed to an extension of a 12.5 per cent surcharge on New York City's personal income tax, as requested by his fellow Republican, Mayor Rudolph Giuliani.

So, no additional income-tax relief is in sight. Instead, the governor has proposed going after the state's hated local property taxes, which are linked to some of the most costly, inefficient public schools in the nation. Pataki wants to phase in over four years a cut in local school taxes amounting to $1.7 billion. But his plan is simply to make up for those lost revenues with state dollars—not to mention an additional $1.7 billion increase in state aid.

What's more, each school district will be allowed to boost school taxes by up to 4 per cent a year, and more if enrollment rises, or if new building in the district boosts property-tax revenues, or if voters give two-thirds approval. So, without deep spending reductions at the state level, this property-tax "cut" is really a tax shift—and a potential tax increase. (As of this writing, Pataki says he will attempt to wrest from the hands of the legislature a newly discovered state surplus, variously estimated at anywhere between $650 million and $2 billion, to speed implementation of his property-tax cut. The showdown will come during the annual budget battle in Albany.)

To his credit Pataki has called for charter schools. Unfortunately, the Assembly already supports charter schools, with a twist. Legislators of both parties —under pressure from the state's powerhouse teacher unions—want "teacher certification," i.e., mandatory indoctrination into the sorts of educational fads that have already pushed New York's average per-pupil cost to $9,175, compared with a national average of $5,767. If charter schools are to work, Pataki will have to risk considerable political capital fighting the unions, something he has shown little proclivity for.

The governor's declarations that New York has become a job-creating juggernaut (ready to "roar into the twenty-first century") also sound hollow. While private firms are creating jobs, the annual rate of private-sector job creation continues to lag well behind the national average—0.62 per cent in New York versus 1.62 per cent nationwide in 1996. What the state needs is tax and regulatory cuts far deeper than Pataki or anyone else in Albany currently contemplates.

"There, there, dear, it doesn't pay to get emotional over the next tax laws."

While Pataki has had his successes (as CHANGE-NY's Tom Carroll points out, the changes in policy and rhetoric on welfare from Gov. Pataki and Mayor Giuliani have produced "two hundred thousand fewer welfare recipients . . . nothing to sneeze at") the real test will be in a second term—assuming he wins one. "On taxes he's adopted one of the largest tax cuts in the nation's history, but at the end of the day there's a lot more that needs to be done, particularly on the income-tax cut." Carroll also called Pataki's $1.7-billion increase in funding for public education "unhelpful."

New York Post columnist Ray Kerrison, a respected social conservative, is also ambivalent about the governor. He gives him an A for economic performance but a C for his environmental-bond act and an F for his lack of leadership on a partial-birth-abortion ban, which Pataki meekly said he would sign if it "reached his desk." It did not last year, and looks as if it will not again this spring.

SO WHO is Gov. Pataki? Despite the hoopla, he fits the profile of the Northeast establishment Republican: He is willing to reduce taxes some, but unwilling to cut government deeply. He is willing to make marginal changes in education, yet has increased education spending as an election looms (New Jersey Gov. Christine Whitman and Mayor Giuliani are doing the same). He is willing to spend lavishly on government environmental schemes and is outspokenly pro-choice on abortion. As Gary Bauer of the Family Research Council notes, "A Pataki type of Republican may in fact be exactly the right kind of candidate for Governor of New York. . . . but to run for a national campaign the . . . profile would have to be different."

There is no doubt that Al D'Amato, who recently shifted $1.9 million in soft money from the Republican Senatorial Campaign Committee to the Pataki war chest, wants to change that. But conservatives outside New York should heed this early warning. George Pataki has failed to engage his own legislature or to attempt to educate New Yorkers about bold solutions. He certainly does not go as far as his putative hero, Barry Goldwater, in attacking Rockefeller Republicanism.

President Pataki? Ptooey. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Deadly Divorce

Divorce can be hazardous to your health—and the health of those around you.

JOHN J. DIIULIO JR.

ONE day a middle-aged married male relative of mine paid an unexpected mid-week visit to the family matriarch, my old Italian grandmother. He had nervously come to beg her blessings on his decision to divorce his wife of many years, the mother of his several children. Instead of blessings, he got the back of her hand and some folksy but stern advice delivered in the mother tongue. Translated, she warned him that to divorce was "against God, against children, against health." He protested that he had found a "new life," and, besides, he fully intended to pay alimony and child support. "Hard head," my grandmother scolded him, "you stay married, you stay well!" As the cautionary family tale goes, he got his divorce, but in time he also got a heart attack, got deeply into debt, got depressed, contracted a deadly disease, and lost not only his "new life" but life itself.

I had always understood and respected my grandmother's views on divorce as morally Catholic and traditionally Italian, but hardly scientific. But according to Dr. David B. Larson, both Dan Quayle and my grandmother were right. An impressive mass of scientific evidence assembled by Larson and others indicates that getting married and staying married "for better or for worse" substantially raises one's chances, and one's children's chances, of doing better and avoiding the worst throughout life.

Larson, an MD who has taught at several major universities, won numerous research awards, and served as a senior analyst with the Federal Government's National Institutes of Health, is the president of the National Institute for Healthcare Research (NIHR) in Rockville, Maryland. A tall, lanky, all-American-boy-faced man who looks much younger than his fifty years, Larson founded the NIHR in 1992. He is best known as the incredibly prolific intellectual powerhouse behind the recent outpouring of empirical data on how the "faith factor" (church attendance, spirituality, and religious commitment variously measured) influences physical, mental, social, and economic well-being.

Take a look, for example, at the footnotes in Patrick Langan's fine January 1996 Heritage Foundation report on "Why Religion Matters: The Impact of Religious Practice on Social Stability." It's Larson, Larson, Larson. Likewise, Larson's findings punctuate *Christianity Today*'s January 6 cover story, "God, MD: How Physicians and Scientists Are Discovering the Healing Power of Prayer." Larson and his colleague Dr. Byron Johnson recently completed the best study yet done of how Charles Colson's Prison Fellowship Ministries and similar faith-based programs cut inmate recidivism.

It was not, however, until I met the happily married Larson and his scholarly wife, Susan, at a research conference earlier this year that I learned that divorce was another one of his research conquests. One of his most user-friendly studies of the subject is the 1995 NIHR report entitled "The Costly Consequences of Divorce: Assessing Clinical, Economic, and Public Health Impact of Marital Disruption in the United States." I've since read for myself all of Larson's work in this field and much of the rest of the relevant divorce research literature—a literature with well over 130 serious studies to its credit. One of the biggest conclusions is as plain as the gold wedding band on the good doctor's finger: Don't part till death, for it's death if you part.

Getting a divorce is only slightly less harmful to your health than smoking a pack or more of cigarettes per day. Divorced men who smoke have a 71 per cent greater risk of premature death from cancer than married men who puff as much. The premature death rate from cardiovascular disease for divorced men is twice that of married men. The premature death rates due to pneumonia and suicide for white divorced men are four and seven times, respectively, those of their married counterparts.

Women, too, who want to stay alive and well ought to stay married. Divorced women die prematurely at higher rates than married women, and are more prone to acute conditions such as infectious and parasitic diseases, respiratory illnesses, digestive-system illnesses, and severe injuries and accidents. Indeed, divorced women lose 50 per cent more time to illness and injury each year than married women.

The research shows that children of divorce have an increased likelihood of dropping out of school, suffering depression, procreating.

Both men and women who divorce are more likely to succumb to substance abuse. For example, adults who are separated or divorced are 4.5 times more likely to become alcohol dependent than comparable married persons. And divorce-escalated mortality and illness rates are not just an American phenomenon. In countries as diverse as Taiwan, Sweden, Canada, and Germany, divorced men had the highest death rates, higher even than other unmarried (single, widowed) men.

BUT as costly—even deadly—as the consequences of divorce are for the adults who untie the knot, the biggest victims of divorce are the children. The research shows that children of divorce have an increased likelihood of dropping out of school; suffering depression and other mental and emotional problems; engaging in precocious sexuality; getting hooked on alcohol or drugs; procreating out of wedlock; slipping economically below the poverty line; committing suicide; and, last but not least, getting divorced. As one 1993 study made plain, "the answer to the question of whether long-term effects of marital disruption can be seen in your adulthood is a clear yes."

Mr. DiIulio is a professor of politics at Princeton.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Where youth crime and delinquency are concerned, make that a double yes. Parents who divorce are a conspicuously close criminogenic second to parents who never marry. For example, a 1994 report on two Wisconsin juvenile correctional facilities found that only 13 per cent of delinquents came from families in which the "biological mother and father are married," while 44 per cent came from "never married" households, and 29 per cent came from homes broken by divorce.

In 1996, George Mitchell and I reconstructed the records of a representative sample of Wisconsin prisoners. We found that the vast majority of adult convicts came from single-parent or broken homes. Divorce often takes fathers out of boys' lives and so reduces the amount of positive consistent adult-male discipline they receive. But it's not only boys who exhibit divorce-bred delinquency. A 1985 study of teenage girls found that girls in divorced families consumed more drugs, committed more petty thefts, and skipped school more often than did their peers in intact families.

Of course, as Larson himself is quick to emphasize, "there are bad marriages and good divorces." Not every gay divorcee stops laughing and starts dying. Just look at Liz Taylor, who has withstood two dozen operations and survived a number of life-threatening illnesses even as she married, then divorced, enough guys to field a basketball team. (That's true even if you don't count Richard Burton twice.) Still, the research is as clear as clear gets in the social sciences that, *ceteris paribus*, the institution of divorce is a definite personal, familial, and social loser.

And make no mistake: Divorce *is* now an American institution. From 1970 to the early 1990s, the fraction of all adults 18 and over who were never married more than doubled, to 9 per cent, and the fraction who were divorced rose from about 16 per cent to nearly 23 per cent. Since 1972 more than one million children each year have experienced the breakup of their families.

Cohabitation has largely supplanted marriage in the lives of the young and hormonally hyperactive. One 1991 study found that nearly half of women ages 25 to 34 had cohabited. Most women who live with men to whom they are not married expect their "significant other" to be significantly married to them sooner or later.

Better make that later or never, ladies. Only about half of cohabitations end in marriage, and, you guessed it, many of those marriages end in divorce. Too bad America's growing army of coughing, wheezing, whining, divorced, and never-married feminists didn't hear my grandmother on the subject of men and how they'll behave toward work, sex, and parental responsibility—even the "unmanly skinny ones," as she used to say—given half a chance.

And too bad so many women have bought into an "enlightened" view of society in which men are free to wink at such old-fashioned conventions as being and staying married to the first woman you impregnate, taking full responsibility for the children you have fathered (being there, not just sending checks or "doing weekends"), and staying by your wife "in sickness and in health" and all the rest of modern life's sweets and bitters. The dial-a-divorce culture, like such kindred "progressive" innovations as the widespread availability of wham-bam contraceptive technologies and the proliferation since *Roe* of drop-in, kill-for-convenience abortion clinics, has been a great bargain for sex-seeking, social-responsibility-shirking guys, and a near-total disaster for women. It accounts for the relentless rise in births to unmarried teenagers (about 75 per cent of births to teenagers occur outside of marriage, up from 30 per cent in 1970). And it accounts for what liberals like to call the "feminization of poverty," but what is really a direct result of the divorce-led social and sexual "liberation of men."

In 1989, divorce researchers Judith Wallerstein and Sandra Blakeslee wrote:

> Even though the divorce rate began to rise in the early 1970s and has remained high for a full generation, there is an extraordinary reluctance to acknowledge its seriousness and its enormous impact on our lives. We have been afraid to look at what is happening in our midst.

That was eight years ago. Since then Larson's work and other studies have added more compelling evidence to the anti-divorce pile. And today there are ever more elite social commentators, pundits, and politicians, left, right, and center, who are willing to say (almost) that two-parent families (as in mother female, father male) are best and that no-fault divorce is no good.

WHY, then, do most states still have Vegas-style divorce laws on the books? And why do even most dyed-in-the-wool cultural conservatives stop far short of attacking divorce with their usual fervor? Mainly, it would seem, because they have not faced the evidence. So let me offer three prescriptions, the last two of which could cost me a divorced or divorcing friend or two.

First, announce the negative research verdict on divorce, but in a positive way. Most people still don't know that divorce is so risky, either for themselves, for their children, or for the society at large. "I don't think," says Larson, "that the public would be so ready to accept divorce if they knew more about the clinical health and other problems so clearly associated with it." The media have paid less attention to the "divorce factor" than they have to almost any other similarly documented cause of physical and socioeconomic ills.

Perhaps journalists and the rest of us would pay more attention if the focus were on the flip side of the Larson findings—that is, not on the costly consequences of divorce, but on the wonderful benefits of monogamous, no-quits marriage. More researchers, I suggest, should "spin" the divorce story *à la* the unpublished (and hitherto unpublicized) 1995 presidential address to the Population Association of America by Linda J. Waite of the University of Chicago, "Does Marriage Matter?":

> How does marriage reduce the risk of dying and lengthen life? . . . marriage increases material well-being—income, assets, and wealth—which can be used to purchase better medical care, better diet, safer surroundings . . . this is especially important for women. Also, marriage provides individuals with a network of help

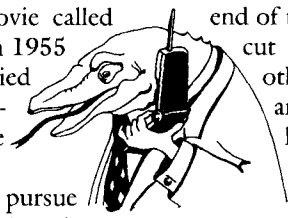
(Continues on page 56)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GEKKO

REMEMBER the way Nancy Reagan was criticized for buying china for the White House? Now the Clintons are in trouble because China has bought the White House.

■ There was a French movie called *Diabolique* that came out in 1955 and has been endlessly copied by Hollywood. The gimmick was that the homicide victim would rise up after seeming to be dead and pursue his killer(s). It feels as though we're living in the *Diabolique* economy. Just when we thought growth would be dying, if not dead, it turns around and hits the bond and stock markets with the fear of inflation and interest-rate rises.



We bears on the economy were watching indicators like the until-now reliable MZM, or Money of Zero Maturity, some of which you have in your wallet. According to the MZM indicator, 18 months to 2 years after a tightening in monetary policy such as the Fed initiated in February of 1994, you'd get an economic slowdown. Instead, we're in what you could call a growth scare, with markets anticipating more than one rise in the Fed Funds rate. From irrational exuberance, the market is beginning to get paranoid about the possibility of U.S. growth.

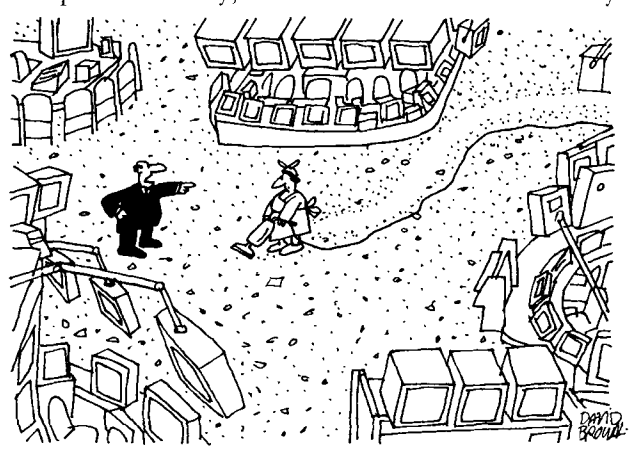
Even stalwart weak-economy prophets such as Ed Hyman of the ISI Group have raised their growth forecasts for the first half of the year to at least 3 per cent. "I see all the strength coming in the first half of the year," he says.

But the more febrile end of the media talk as if we were finally in the New Era of sustainable high growth through the miracle of high technology and low wage expectations. This was, of course, just what they were saying at the end of the Twenties, which did in fact see the rapid diffusion of new technologies and depressed consumer income.

But it's worth remembering that in *Diabolique* and all the remakes, the victim does finally die. So will this economy's high growth. The modest boom has been partly sustained by the aggressive use of consumer credit at the lower end of the income scale. That's being cut by newly cautious banks and other card issuers. The balanced-budget deal, which looked like a lock at the beginning of the year, now looks as if it will founder on the Administration's weakness. That won't help keep rate expectations down. And the strong dollar will take away some of the strength in exports that could have been expected from the fitful recovery in Europe. So while the weak economy was late in arriving, it is likely to develop in the second half of the year.

■ Grant Noble, who's a pretty perceptive commodities trader out in Lake Forest, Illinois, thinks we've still got a good run coming in the soybean market over the next couple of months. "It's a classic demand-driven situation," he says, "and despite the good crop projected in Brazil, we have a very low carryover from last year's crop. So we ought to get to about $11 a bushel (from today's 8 and change) by May."

Grant, you may recall, correctly called last year's long beans/short corn trade. Historically, the ratio between the two is 2.5 to 1, and last summer it had sunk to 1.5 to 1. Now beans/corn is back to the 2.5 ratio, but Mr. Market has a way of overshooting, and that's what $11 beans would mean. Speaking for myself, I prefer spread trades or hedged positions. The spread trade here is to go long the July beans and short November. Right now that spread is around $1 to $1.25. Grant thinks, and I agree, that it could get out to $3.50 a bushel, which is where you take the exit.



"Not in here, Mrs. Twiggle—the market abhors a vacuum."

■ I've been a fan of Canadian bonds (relative to their U.S. counterparts, that is) for some time. A few months ago, though, I said that I thought Canadian politicians and their spending habits bore careful watching, and that the time might come to reverse this trade.

I think the time is now. Two pieces of alarming data have brought me to this conclusion. First, the real money-supply numbers for Canada have been growing at a remarkably fast rate—18 per cent year over year in January, and 9 per cent (not annualized) over the last three months. Every time that has happened in recent years, there has been an unexpected surge in growth a few months later. The kind of growth that will lead the Bank of Canada to step on the brakes, maybe too late. The other bad news is the breakdown of the Canadian federal government's progress in controlling spending. It turns out that Finance Minister Paul Martin, who back in the penitent days of 1995 projected a decline in program spending for the next year to $42 billion, now expects to write out $50 billion in program spending. The budget has been saved from blowing up thanks to higher taxes.

I saw Paul Martin when he spoke in New York in March. I don't know why they actually take the trouble to come down—finance ministers, I mean. Why don't they just put up a sign in front of those Wall Street lunch audiences that says, "Right Noises." Then the Wall Streeters could applaud, eat, and get out of the room 25 minutes early, and they would learn as much as they usually do.

A lot of my smart hedge-fund friends are still long the Canadian ten-year, which is 10 basis points in yield below the U.S. Treasury curve. I think they're wrong. By the end of the year, the spread will have reversed—noticeably.

—JOHN DIZARD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

help!!!!

SPECIAL ETHNIC STEREOTYPE ISSUE

"How would *you* like it?" asked several correspondents claiming to be readers, responding to Roman Genn's cover illustration of the Clintons and Gore in Asian guise. No sooner said than done.

John O'Sullivan, *Editor*

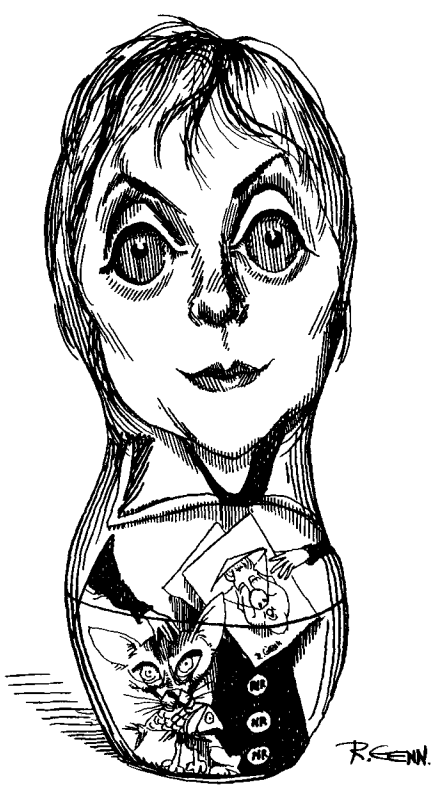
Edward A. Capano, *Publisher*

Ramesh Ponnuru, *National Reporter*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kate O'Beirne, *Washington Editor*

Richard Brookhiser, *Senior Editor*



Luba Kolomytseva, *Art Director*

Roman Genn, *Caricaturist*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

March 1997

Dear Rusty,

What a week!

I headed off to California Wednesday to address the state legislature and to meet a few supporters ($23,000 in checks, $43,000 in cash). So there I was on Air Force Two, trying to get my speech done. But the problem was that my usual seat on Air Force Two—the big leather one up front with the desk and the laptop—was being used by Quy Lang Troc, a California doughnut shop entrepreneur.

"When can I get my desk back?" I asked the steward.

"I'm sorry, sir," he answered, "but Mr. Quy apparently won some kind of raffle last fall, and the grand prize was a free trip on Air Force Two."

"What kind of raffle? I don't remember a raffle."

And it's true, Rusty, I didn't remember it. I remember making 12,345 phone calls, and I remember raising $23,987,987.13, but I didn't remember holding a raffle.

"Well, sir, apparently it was the kind of raffle where every ticket costs $200,000. And there's only one ticket."

"Oh," I said, remembering. "That kind of raffle. I see. Well, if you wouldn't mind, I keep a box of sharpened pencils in the top drawer of my desk. Could you slip up there and bring a few back?"

"I'd love to, sir," was the reply. "But Mr. Quy is taking pictures of his girlfriend on the desk, and after that his wife. And then caviar service . . ."

"All right, steward."

"And then we have to convert the desk to a massage table . . ."

"All right, steward!"

I was getting snippy. This scandal has taken its toll on all of us, but it's taken the most out of me.

The speech went well, as did the lunch reception ($8,500 in checks; promises for the '00 race). Then, on the night flight home, I received the call that every Vice President dreads will come in the middle of the night, too late for the news cycle.

Bill apparently twisted his knee going down the stairs (I know, I know, but that's the story they're telling) and needed immediate surgery. He was flying back from Florida to the hospital at Bethesda.

"Dear God," I said into the phone on Air Force Two (though maybe one could make a constitutional case that I was, in fact, on Air Force One at the time), "does this mean that the President will be undergoing general anesthesia?"

"Well, now," Erskine Bowles answered, "why don't we all just simmer down, okay?"

"But Erskine," I cried, "if he goes under, that means that I'm, you know, POTUS. Right?"

"It'll only be a local anesthetic."

"But won't his judgment be impaired?"

"No, actually, the First Lady isn't with him."

Erskine was right, of course. The most important thing to consider wasn't some silly constitutional question of what "impairment" means or how "local" an anesthetic has to be before the Twenty-Fifth Amendment is triggered, but Bill's speedy recovery.

I placed a call to him. I knew he'd want to hear my voice and share my trademark sense of humor.

"How's the knee, Bill?" I asked.

"It hurts," was his terse reply.

"How'd you twist it? Doing the Macarena?"

Silence.

"I said, 'How'd you twist it? Doing the—' "

"Al, I heard you the first time, okay. Stop it with the Macarena already, okay?"

Bill didn't want to hear some of my famous "Macarena" one-liners? And I'm supposed to believe he wasn't mentally impaired at the time?

"Well," I said, trying to wrap it up, "you get better well soon, okay? Get that knee in tiptop shape. I need it to be in fully bendable shape for campaign fundraising in a few years, okay?"

Silence.

"I said, 'Get that knee in shape. I need it to be in—' "

And then we were cut off.

I called the steward over. "Now can I have my desk back?"

"Unfortunately not, sir. The Second Prize winner is here."

"And what did he win?"

"Dinner, sir. With you."

"That's Second Prize?" I asked, incredulous. "Good heavens, steward, what's Third Prize?"

"The Third Prize winner, sir, will accompany you to China."

These are the things I have to put up with, Rusty, just to be President of the United States.

Your pal, Al

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RESOLVED: THE DEATH PENALTY SHOULD BE ABOLISHED

NATIONAL REVIEW *v.* The Nation.

FOR THE OPPOSITION	FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE
PROF. HADLEY ARKES Contributing Editor *National Review*	**REV. JESSE JACKSON** President and Founder The National Rainbow Coalition
STEPHEN MARKMAN Assistant Attorney General Reagan Administration	**CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS** Columnist *The Nation*

MODERATED BY EDWARD I. KOCH

Monday, April 7, 1997, 8:00 PM

The Town Hall

123 West 43rd Street, New York City

Tickets $20, $15, $10. Available by mail through
National Review (215 Lexington Avenue, New York, NY 10016).
For phone orders (MasterCard/Visa) call 212-679-7330 (ext. 2834).

The Second in a Series of Public Debates Sponsored by *National Review* and The Nation Institute.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Gladstone, Bagged

GEORGE F. WILL

AFTER the young William Gladstone was beaten up by some sports in his rooms at Christ Church, Oxford, he confided to his diary: "Here I have great reason to be thankful to that God whose mercies fail not . . . 1) Because this incident must tend to the mortification of my pride, by God's grace. . . . It is no disgrace to be beaten for Christ was buffeted and smitten. . . . 2) Because here I have to some small extent an opportunity of exercising the duty of forgiveness." His letter proposing marriage to his future wife contained a 140-word sentence about the Almighty. "Oh, William dear," she would later say, "if you weren't such a great man you would be a terrible bore."

But he was a great man, and there is nothing boring about Roy Jenkins's wise and entertaining biography of the

Gladstone, by Roy Jenkins (Random House, 768 pp., $35)

man who bestrode Britain for an astonishingly long time when Britain bestrode the world. Jenkins, a seasoned politician (he was home secretary and chancellor of the exchequer in Labour governments), calls Gladstone the dominant parliamentarian of the century when British democracy blossomed and "the most remarkable specimen of humanity" of all the fifty prime ministers since Walpole. "He was in many ways the greatest figure of the nineteenth century, and taken in the round the greatest British politician of that or any other parliamentary century."

Jenkins's biography is just right for American readers right now. There is a deflating smallness to present-day American politics. Gladstone's story is powerful proof that there is no necessary connection between democracy and vulgarity, and that popular government can accommodate a political career both elegant and passionate.

This biography has the amplitude of a Victorian novel, but not more bulk than is necessary to cover the nearly 89 years of the man who, more even than the Sovereign whose name denotes the era,

Ape

is emblematic of the era's two dominant traits, earnestness and energy. He could, Jenkins says, do more in 4 hours than others could do in 16, and he worked 16 hours a day. He played strenuously, too. On a Norwegian vacation at age 75 he walked 18 miles in one day over rough terrain, and on another he started to learn Norwegian. Two years earlier he had completed a 20-mile hike in the Scottish mountains in less than 8 hours.

Born in 1809 to a prosperous merchant, he was educated at Eton ("we knew very little indeed, but we knew it accurately") and Oxford (where he earned a double first, and heard Newman's sermons at the University Church, St. Mary's on High Street). He sat in Parliament for 62 ½ years with only a twenty-month break in 1846–47. He was a cabinet minister at 33, the third youngest (after Pitt and Harold Wilson) in 250 years of British cabinets. Four times prime minister, the last time at age 83, he twice was prime minister and chancellor of the exchequer simultaneously.

Leaders of democracies generally are enlarged and pulled to greatness only by the demands of office during war. However, Gladstone achieved greatness during the years of almost continuous peace (other than the constant skirmishes of a colonial power) between Waterloo and the Boer War. But the nineteenth century's political and intellectual ferment caused Britain's domestic tranquillity to be roiled by controversies large enough to be, as summoners of greatness, the moral equivalents of war. The issues included how church and state should relate, how broadly access to the franchise should be extended, how a civilized nation should respond to genocide that does not implicate the nation's vital material interests, and, regarding the great dilemma of Gladstone's long twilight years, how to respond to the fact that (in Jenkins's words) "the maintenance of the liberal state was incompatible with holding within its centralized grip a large disaffected community of settled mind."

Gladstone began his public career an unbending Tory, convinced that a confessional state was both practicable and desirable. He even believed that anyone who was not a communicating member of the Church of England should be ineligible for public-service jobs. Jenkins notes drily, "The plenitude of Gladstone's extremity was underlined by his one 'moderate' concession: the doctrine might be difficult to apply in India." Gladstone was, Jenkins believes, "by some criteria the only dedicated Anglican ever to occupy 10 Downing Street."

Mr. Will is a syndicated columnist and television commentator.

BooksNow
To order these books, (24hrs, 365 days) please call (800) 962-6651 (Ext. 3700) or visit us at http://www.booksnow.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He read the Bible daily, often in Greek (he was able to communicate in all the principal languages of Europe), and usually attended two, and sometimes three, sermons on Sundays.

Religion was for him a constant reproach: "And this day I am forty years old. Forty years long hath God been grieved with me—hath with much long suffering endured me!" On his 58th birthday: "Another year of mercies unworthily received is added to the sum of my days: of wanderings and backslidings." On his 70th: "Alas the poor little garden of my own soul remains uncultivated, unweeded, defaced."

He felt deeply about, and plunged deeply into, liturgical disputes. And the nation felt deeply when, in 1850, Rome re-established the Catholic hierarchy in England for the first time since 1584. He was grieved by Newman's embrace of the Roman Church, an institution that at one point he denounced as "an Asian monarchy: nothing but one giddy height of despotism and one dead level of religious subservience." He sold 150,000 copies of a pamphlet denouncing ultramontane Catholicism. But in his mature years he lost faith, Jenkins says, "not in God, but in the ability of any government or state to act as an agent of God."

Gladstone's story is powerful proof that there is no necessary connection between democracy and vulgarity.

At the beginning of his career his conservatism caused him to write that the fall of the Roman Empire was a result of the corruption inherent in secret voting. By the end of his career he had helped preside over a dramatic broadening of democracy, which took some curious turns, such as repealing duties on paper. This (Jenkins calls it the "removal of a tax on popular knowledge") was detested by the House of Lords because it produced cheap books and newspapers.

Still, Gladstone was never a liberal in the modern manner. Some reviewers of Jenkins's book, looking for what America currently lacks, a heroic liberal, have tried to present Gladstone as a precursor of today's liberalism. They have a lot to ignore, such as: "I am a firm believer in the aristocratic principle—the rule of the best. I am an out-and-out *inequalitarian*." He certainly did not subscribe to the central tenet of modern liberalism, that state power is properly used to reduce inequality.

As he grew older he did claim to speak for "the masses against the classes," and he vigorously denounced London's "West End." (Today that phrase denotes the theater district; then it was an epithet akin to "inside the Beltway.") But he did not pander to "the people." As Jenkins says, "The flattery lay in assuming their seriousness and judgmental capacity." This "elevated but nonetheless popular politician" was the first great platform campaigner of modern democracy, capable of riveting the attention of a crowd of 25,000—this before electronic amplification. There was, of course, his manner—"his flashing eye and the eagle's swoop of his cadences"—but there was more:

> There was also some feeling that he was on their side, not in the sense of an economic class struggle, for he was never strong on the social condition of the people, but in the sense that he was for seriousness against cynicism, for moral purpose against frivolity, for the achievements of industrial and industrious Britain at a time when it was supreme in these respects, and also in some sense for the solid striving of the northern provincial centers as against the glitter of London and the soft landscape and more traditional society of the South of England.

Disraeli's wit, and the cynical flattery ("we authors, Ma'am") with which he won the affection that the Queen withheld from Gladstone, are unattractive—indeed, repellent—in the context of the debate about what response Britain should make to Turkish atrocities in Bulgaria. Disraeli sardonically dismissed Gladstone's pamphlet on the subject (it sold 200,000 copies) as "of all the Bulgarian horrors perhaps the greatest" and was skeptical as to whether "torture had been practiced on a great scale amongst an Oriental people who . . . generally terminate their connection with culprits in a more expeditious manner."

Compare what Jenkins calls Disraeli's "mordant and provocative flippancies" to Gladstone's "pulsating moral indignation": "There is not a cannibal in the South Sea Islands, whose indignation would not arise and overboil at the recital of that which has been done . . . another murderous harvest from the soil soaked and reeking with blood . . ."

IRELAND'S dark and bloody ground produced Gladstone's grandest moment and greatest failure. Like Peel, who broke his party for principle (free trade), Gladstone shattered his party over his proposal for Home Rule in Ireland. Unlike Peel, he failed to carry his principle. He believed that Ireland's volatile compound of agrarian and ethnic stresses meant that the only alternatives to Home Rule were military reconquest or the violent break-up of the United Kingdom. Perhaps there never was a realistic hope of derailing the train of events that led to Yeats's "terrible beauty" of Easter 1916. As Jenkins says, Gladstone's Herculean task was to get his largely Nonconformist Liberal Party to hand over Ireland to a Catholic regime that probably would construct a confessional state. What seems clear is that in Gladstone's day Ireland was corrupting the polity much as Algeria corrupted France in the 1950s.

Because of the passions aroused by the Irish question, Gladstone required a bodyguard—the first prime minister to do so since the social unrest following the Napoleonic wars. Once he was knocked down by a cow; the cow was subsequently shot, and its head displayed in a pub near Gladstone's home. A wreath arrived with a card that read, "To the memory of the patriotic cow which sacrificed its life in an attempt to save Ireland from Home Rule." The wreck of Gladstone's hopes, partly because of Parnell's adultery with Mrs. O'Shea, is the stuff of tragedy.

Tragedy is foreshadowed in Gladstone's last act of obduracy, his resistance to increased naval expenditures: "If I stood alone in the world on this question, I could not be moved: so strongly am I convinced that this large increase to the Navy will lead to disaster in Europe." Something sure did. Gladstone's life was replete with episodes that resonate strangely, as in his diary entry about a "beautiful river walk" with "a Führer . . . who was a charming specimen of those bold hardy active South Bavarians." The destination of the walk? Berchtesgaden.

That diary—Jenkins calls it Gladstone's "account book with God for his expenditure of 'the most precious gift of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

time'"—makes possible an astonishingly detailed knowledge of Gladstone's life, such as his voracious consumption of twenty thousand books, including the nineteenth century's torrent of high-quality fiction—*Middlemarch, Vivian Grey, Romola,* and on and on and on. His life brushed up against the lives of Trollope, Darwin, Hardy. He meticulously noted all his "rescues." Those were his strange nocturnal wanderings—he kept at them for decades, into his seventies—to find prostitutes he could ply with hot chocolate and reason. There is no record of his success in getting them off the streets and onto the path of righteousness. The cauldron of his sexuality—he tormented his conscience by browsing for pornography in Munich bookstores—seems to interest today's historians more than his statecraft ever could.

In 1858 he published three volumes on Homer. While chancellor of the exchequer, he wrote a 15,000-word essay on Tennyson. He wrote a long riposte to T. H. Huxley on the relationship of the Book of Genesis to modern scientific knowledge. Late in his life felling trees with an axe became a favorite outlet for his overflowing energy. "The forest laments, in order that Mr. Gladstone may perspire," sniffed Lord Randolph Churchill, and the forest went on lamenting until Gladstone gave up the axe one week shy of 82. When his eyesight began to fail (one eye was seriously injured when struck by a piece of gingerbread hurled by a woman who was angry about something unrecorded) and nighttime reading became difficult, he took up backgammon to keep busy.

When his fourth premiership ended in his 84th year, he published an edition of the works of a favorite bishop, wrote his own 150,000-word volume of theology, and published his translation of the Odes of Horace. Such astonishments crop up constantly in Jenkins's book. And when dry-as-dust pages about, say, the disestablishment of the Irish church seem about to make you sneeze, Jenkins's wit banishes tedium.

Here is his description of Gladstone's style of courtship: "Gladstone persuaded himself that her religious position was satisfactory, but may well have overestimated the aphrodisiacal effect of telling her this." Here is Jenkins on the effect in England of the surge of American exports produced by the economic recovery from the Civil War, completion of the transcontinental railroad, and development of refrigerated ships: "In England this produced falling rent-rolls and the first touches of austerity for those rural magnates who were not able to make up by the importation of rich American wives for the adverse effects of wheat and beef from the same source."

Jenkins is amusing about Gladstone's often convoluted rhetoric, in which "the subordinate clauses hung like candelabra." About one speech, Jenkins writes that "No one was much the wiser at the end, but his opacity at least had the advantage that the danger of bitterness was drowned in incomprehension." However, Jenkins gives Gladstone his considerable due as a giant of democracy because of the grandeur his rhetoric gave to public occasions. Here, for example, is Gladstone speaking in the House of Commons about his transition to the Liberal Party:

> I came among you an outcast from those with whom I associated, driven from them, I admit, by no arbitrary act, but by the slow and resistless forces of conviction. I came among you, to make use of the legal phraseology, *in pauperis forma*. I had nothing to offer you but faithful and honorable service. You received me, as Dido received the shipwrecked Aeneas—"*Ejectum littore egentum/Excepi*" [an exile on my shore I sheltered]. And I only trust you may not hereafter at any time say "*Et regni demens in parte locavi*" [and, fool as I was, I shared with you my realm].

To open Jenkins's book is to begin a protracted, but not too much so, stay in the company of a fabulous personality and noble spirit. When you close it you may be melancholy, so stark is the contrast between the best of democratic politics then and now. But perhaps you will be inspirited by the thought that things have not always been, and need not always be, as they are. □

Super Tramp

GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER

Charlie Chaplin and His Times, by Kenneth S. Lynn (Simon & Schuster, 604 pp., $35)

FEW icons of the twentieth century seem so dated as Charlie Chaplin, at least in England, his homeland. His films are not seen on British television (apart from the occasional clip from *Modern Times* in social documentaries), and their theatrical showings seem to be confined to cinema clubs and retrospectives. Inquiry at video stores is met with a shake of the head and the reply that his feature films are in the catalogue, but . . . Of course the name is still a household word, and the image of the baggy-trousered tramp with cane and bowler presumably remains in the mind of everyone over forty, but it is the image of a relic.

It astonished me to learn that my grandchildren, aged from three to nine, had never heard of him. No hermits they, and well acquainted with Chaplin's contemporaries: they recognize Clark Gable, enjoy Laurel and Hardy, fall about in the presence of Tom and Jerry, have flown on Sabu's magic carpet, sit enthralled through the early Disneys, are so familiar with *The Adventures of Robin Hood* that they criticize Errol Flynn's table manners, and even *quote* from Olivier's *Henry V.*

All these people and films are from Chaplin's time—though not, admittedly, from his heyday, except for Laurel and Hardy, whose appeal seems to be timeless—but while they remain apparently evergreen, the little entertainer who was once the most famous man in the world is not even in the view of children of the 1990s.

The easy explanation is that he was a silent comedian, the greatest of all mime artists ("supermarionette," in Marcel Marceau's phrase), whose immense good fortune it was that he and his huge talents coincided with the infancy of the dazzling new medium of cinema and that his appeal was universal: not only the vast immigrant audiences of the United States but everyone everywhere could enjoy the mastery of a performer who needed no dialogue, exploited the moving picture as no one

Mr. Fraser is the author of the Flashman novels and several screenplays. His latest book, Black Ajax, *will be published by HarperCollins in July.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

else has ever done, and was the first superstar—until the coming of sound. He hated the talking picture as a despoiler of his art, "ruining the great beauty of silence." In time he would make brilliant use of sound in his own idiosyncratic way, but it was never his medium, and it would be easy to say that that, simply, was that.

But after reading this monumental biography, which deserves to be the last word on the subject, I suspect that there is another reason why his decline has been so complete with the public at large: he just isn't very funny. Of course it is a matter of taste and period, and I may be as the brutes that perish, but I submit that Chaplin stopped being amusing in the 1930s, when the euphoria of my parents' generation, who thought him the funniest thing ever seen on earth, was dying away.

I was born in 1925, the year of *The Gold Rush*, when the jaunty ragamuffin still o'erstrode the world. His antics must have aroused my infant admiration, for I once allowed myself to be decked out in tattered fancy dress as "The Kid" for a school concert, but though as an adolescent I quite enjoyed *Modern Times* and delighted in moments of *The Great Dictator*, it was in the knowledge that Chaplin was already old

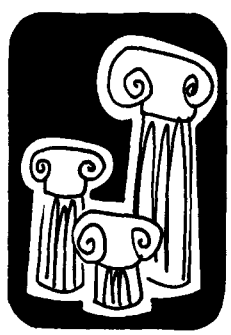
I submit that Chaplin stopped being amusing in the 1930s.

hat. Brilliantly clever, yes; an inspired inventor and innovator, a superb technician and a magnificent actor—but, like Orson Welles's Falstaff, not hilarious.

The killing comparison is with Laurel and Hardy, who were much derided, in my youth, by the intelligentsia. (One critic actually confessed, in cold print, that he had despised Laurel and Hardy until he saw a man doubled up with laughter at one of their films; he realized that the man was Chaplin, and decided, then and there, that if Chaplin was amused, they *must* be funny, and he himself would laugh at them forthwith. There are such critics.) But whatever one's taste in comedy, the fact remains that Laurel and Hardy are still getting to the groundlings, and Chaplin is not. Can the reason be that the great partners were men whose sheer good-heartedness shines out through every frame of their films? They are innocents adrift in the world, inspiring an affection pretty close to love. Chaplin's tramp might have been excruciatingly funny to his generation, and pathetic, and capable of genuinely tugging the heartstrings (Einstein was not alone in weeping at *City Lights),* but he was no innocent. He inspired enormous sympathy, but I wonder if anyone loved him.

HOW far a performer's self invades his performance, how his nature, experience, upbringing, ambitions, and appetites influence his work, is the stuff of serious biography, and it has to be said that the Chaplin who emerges from Professor Lynn's book is a bit of a monster, on occasion tyrannical, cruel, selfish, tight-fisted, remarkably lecherous, and capable of treating colleagues and women abominably. On the other hand, he could be kind, patient, generous, and devoted, a delightful companion, and of a winning charm—to that last I can testify personally. In the words of Marlon Brando: "As a human being he was a mixed bag, just like all of us."

He was indeed a complex creature, and it is not Professor Lynn's fault if, at the end of 544 meticulously researched and minutely detailed pages, one understands him little better than before: he was a human kaleidoscope. The author has done a first-rate job of fact-finding, clearing aside many myths, particularly about the London childhood, but it must have been a daunting task, for Chaplin's own versions of events differed widely, often for self-serving reasons but sometimes simply because he didn't know the truth himself. For example, was he Jewish? Apparently not, for although he felt he had what he called Semitic characteristics, he could find no formal evidence of Jewish ancestry. His uncertainty was compounded by doubts whether Charles Chaplin senior, a ne'er-do-well music-hall singer, was really his father.



Chaplin's beginnings were less Dickensian than he liked to make out. Born in the same week of 1889 as Hitler, he knew both poverty and comparative comfort; he was briefly in a workhouse and danced for pennies in the street, but the trauma of his childhood was the mental illness of his deeply loved and loving mother. Her memory was to echo in his films, as were the London back streets, Cruikshank's illustrations of Dickens, and the flower girls of Westminster Bridge.

Hannah Chaplin had been in show business, and although her son was variously employed by a barber, a doctor, a chandler, and a printer, he gravitated inevitably to the variety stage, first as one of "Eight Lancashire Lads" and later as a member of the famous Fred Karno company, with whom he toured the U.S., and so found his way to the infant film industry.

"It cawn't be. Is that possible? How extr'ordi'ry. Is it really me?" was his reaction to first seeing himself on film, according to Ben Conklin. The shy little Englishman who "liked to be lonely" was not popular with colleagues, especially directors; he knew nothing about films, but he saw his own potential with exquisite clarity, and he brought to film all his splendid music-hall training, his unquenchable energy, and the gifts of a born actor, handsome, graceful, and marvelously versatile.

Exactly when the tramp figure emerged is not clear, but once it did Chaplin's rise was meteoric. Suddenly he was internationally famous, the greatest entertainer of the age, mobbed in capital cities, adored by the public and admired by the great. Proust sported a Chaplin mustache, Shaw called him a genius, Nijinsky praised his dancing, world leaders were glad to receive him, and he was imitated by thousands, including the 11-year-old Laurence Olivier. It was upward all the way until the coming of sound and the unhappy decline—the sex scandals, the left-wing activities, the exclusion from the U.S., exile in Switzerland—followed by reconciliation with America, the knighthood, revered old age, and finally the bizarre grave robbery.

All this is recounted in detail, even to the plots of films and music-hall routines, and the result is surely The Compleat Chaplin. Of special interest to his admirers will be the parallels between Chaplin's life and his films, the incidents and influences which found their way into, and shaped, his work. Professor Lynn does this convincingly; only now and then does he seem to suggest that he knows Chaplin's mind better than Chaplin, as for example when he accuses the comedian of lying through his teeth

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when he expressed regret at not serving his country in the First World War. How does Lynn know?

My own memory of Chaplin is of a stout, twinkling old gentleman whom I didn't recognize at first when I was introduced to him in a London restaurant. He was kind and lively and radiating good humor, and having now read his biography I realize how lucky and privileged I was to meet the nicest of the many Chaplins who lived in that one person. His fame may have faded, but when all the tributes to genius have been paid, and all the faults rehearsed, he remains one of the great men of the twentieth century for the excellent reason that he brought joy to so many millions. For a while, he made the whole world laugh. □

Gaga Gurus

ANDREW STUTTAFORD

WITCH doctors! It's an engaging title, promising bile, sarcasm, and maybe, just perhaps, a sneer or two. After all, this is a book about management gurus, those experts whose ever-changing theories

The Witch Doctors: Making Sense of the Management Gurus, by John Micklethwait and Adrian Wooldridge (Times, 369 pp., $25)

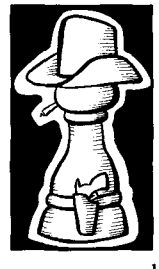
fill bookstores and empty factories. Well paid and annoying, they scream out for a little abuse. In this book, they don't get it. As the authors note, somewhat smugly (they do write for *The Economist*), "it would have been much easier (and often far more pleasurable) to have trashed the industry." But they reject the hatchet in favor of a "scalpel job."

In many respects they succeed. Often drily funny, *The Witch Doctors* is a succinct guide. If something can be said in a couple of pages, that's all the authors use, an approach that could put Tom Peters in the poorhouse. There are longueurs, but this is a management book that the reader will actually be able to finish. It even has a hero, the "ever-prescient" Peter Drucker.

Born, like so many other terrifying polymaths, in Habsburg Austria, Drucker was one of the first to take management theory beyond the mechanical approach developed by time-and-motion men such as Frederick Taylor or GM's Alfred Sloan. He also realized that he could make a living out of this. He became, in short, an early "knowledge worker," a Druckerism, typical in both its ugliness and its accuracy, which describes what he saw as a rising class of employees, valued more for brains than for brawn.

Like many Druckerisms it is also rather obvious. Drucker took some genuine insights, added a little nonsense and a bit of hype, and transformed his profession. Shamans to the suits, the management theorists (and their consultant spawn) are now everywhere. Messrs. Micklethwait and Wooldridge summarize the wares on offer. Much is bogus. Yet American managers currently spend $15 billion a year on outside, well, management.

Are they mad? No, say the authors. In a competitive world, a manager has to be seen to be doing something, anything, to keep ahead. Management theory feeds on this fear. Consult dull books with punchy titles, bring in McKinsey, go whitewater rafting with the guys from marketing: it will all help create an image of dynamism. As *The Witch Doctors* shows, this is all based on the illusion that there is a magic bullet, a permanent solution to problems of management. There is not, of course. For the management industry this is just fine. "The beauty of the system is that none of the formulas work—or at least they do not work as completely as the anguished or greedy buyers hope. The result is enormous profits for the gurus but confusion for their clients." As the authors write about "re-engineering," management theory "is less than it was originally cracked up to be. But that does not mean it is useless."



It is also less important than this book would have us believe. True, the how of today's restructurings may have been thought up by a Bain or McKinsey, but to call management theorists "the unacknowledged legislators of mankind" goes too far. As the authors themselves partly concede, the whys lie elsewhere, in capitalism's relentless process of creative destruction. The consultants may prefer to mask this, to cloak their function with talk of "empowerment," but for the most part this is just chatter. Gradgrinds in Guccis, they are really selling systems intended to motivate employees to be highly productive, but very cheap. Messrs. Micklethwait and Wooldridge probably grasp this, but at times even they can be taken in: "Teams . . . can be vital for innovation. . . . Firms lay on special facilities to encourage them. Sun Microsystems offers laundry and dry-cleaning services

To call management theorists 'the unacknowledged legislators of mankind' goes too far.

. . . to members of teams who work round the clock." How generous.

To the *NR* reader, checking stock prices with quiet satisfaction, this hypocrisy may sound splendid, reassuring even, but it comes with a cost. The happytalk is starting to sink in, something that this book does not really consider. All those sharing, mushy, left-wing sorts of words are beginning to have their effect. The modern corporation is, after all, a soft target. Ownership is diffused, parceled out in tiny units across mutual funds and pension plans. These may have their own agendas, like the state pension funds happy to divest from a Texaco or a Philip Morris, pleased to make a political point with their retirees' savings. Meanwhile, management wants its *bien-pensant* approval too. Action is affirmative, daughters are taken to work, and everyone recycles. Before too long, people feel free to ask what a company is *for*.

It's a stupid question. One of the answers, what this book calls "that stakeholder thing," is even worse. It takes a village, goes this argument, to run a corporation. A duty is owed to all "stakeholders": employees, consumers,

Mr. Stuttaford is a knowledge worker based in New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the "community," and, oh yes, even shareholders. The authors are too clear-eyed to agree. German stakeholder capitalism is creaky, and the best way to deal with some of the problems in the Anglo-Saxon model "is to give more power to shareholders, not less."

And then the authors quote Gordon Gekko (Oliver Stone's, not *NR*'s) in eloquent support. This is a bit like inviting David Duke to speak in favor of CCRI. Are the authors ashamed of their own conclusions? Perhaps. They are at pains, after all, to distance themselves from that rough Milton Friedman. He *does* know what a company is for. One thing only: to make money legally. This, we are grandly told, "looks ever less defensible."

This is not quite political correctness, but more a lofty Bill Bradleyism. It pops up throughout the book and reaches its irritating nadir in a discussion of management "diversity."

This, naturally, is a Good Thing. "America's WASP elite," whatever that may be, is singled out for the usual abuse. It is dominated by men, you see, and it simply lacks the multicultural "experience" essential (did the author ask the Japanese about this?) to mastermind the conquest of world markets. These "middle-aged, blue-suited, white-shirted men" are clearly doomed to repeat the failures of their WASP predecessors. Failures, presumably, like the British Empire, the Industrial Revolution, Coca-Cola, and Ford.

Ludicrous of course, but just tough it out. Unlike most books on management, *The Witch Doctors* is enlightening. And worth finishing. □

MISSING PERSONS

J. D. Salinger, Fashion Victim

JAMES GARDNER

J. D. Salinger remains for the time being in Purgatory. This most famous of living American authors, who has dwelt in eremitical obscurity and cantankerous silence for the past thirty years, is dead to the literary world, at least, and has not yet been reborn. He is, not exactly dated, but intensely different from what our culture has become since he was last heard from. At the same time, those few decades have been too brief a span to integrate him into the living past, as it has happened with Fitzgerald and Dreiser.

Salinger's reputation has recently become an issue once again with his startling decision to bring out in book form his last published novella, "Hapworth 16, 1924," which appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1965. Michiko Kakutani's article about it, which was the lead story on the *New York Times* arts page of February 20, appeared long before the book's publication and attests to the seriousness with which this unlikely development is being viewed in literary circles. The very circumstances in which Salinger has agreed to publish at all bespeak a secretiveness verging on misanthropy. He has bestowed the honor on an entirely obscure company, Orchises Press in Alexandria, Virginia.

In this novella Salinger reintroduces us to the illustrious, eccentric, and Angst-ridden Glass family, with its ex-vaudevillian parents and seven children, once famous as radio whiz kids. The family's first appearance was in "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," from 1949, which described the suicide of Seymour, the oldest and most gifted of these gifted youngsters. The present narrative, written at the very end of Salinger's brief career, gives us a glimpse of Seymour as a seven-year-old in summer camp. This chronological regression, however, is only one of the eccentricities of this novella.

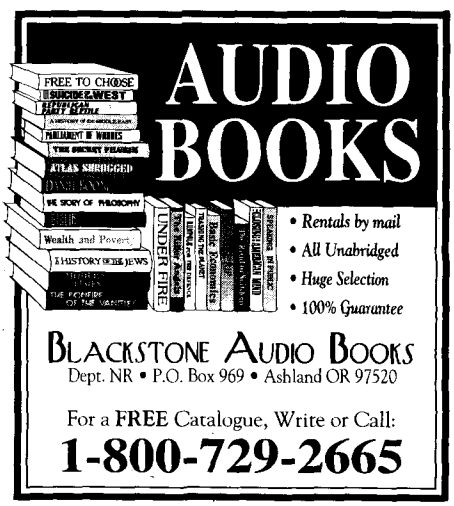
Its form is that of the standard letter a child writes to his parents from summer camp, with news of Seymour's outings, gossip about counselors, and requests for things from home. His brother Buddy, who is younger by two years and was with him at that camp, purports to have just received the letter, 41 years after it was written, in a package from their parents. In fact it becomes quite clear that the narrative—saturated with the erudite and world-weary tones of a disappointed middle-aged man—was written by Buddy himself. In this respect it is a perverse continuation of "Seymour: An Introduction," another of Buddy's first-person narratives about his brother, from six years earlier.

In the very first sentence we are stunned by the affected, almost Jamesian diction in which the supposedly seven-year-old Seymour declares: "I will write for both [my brother and me], I believe, as Buddy is engaged elsewhere for an indefinite period of time." He goes on to refer to Buddy as "a wonderful, resourceful, entertaining chap for five years of age." This is how he addresses his parents: "Bess! Les! God, Almighty, how I miss you on this pleasant, idle morning." There is a general snideness to these meandering meditations on everything from Proust and architecture to Buddhism, forestry, and the fairer sex. Miss Kakutani expresses surprise that Buddy should "want to distort his brother's memory, tear down the myth of the saintly Seymour he has so carefully constructed in the past." But in fact the surly, sarcastic child in this story, even if written by Buddy, is father to the neurotic and abusive adult who hurls unprovoked invective at a woman in "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," and who is recorded, in "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters," as having disfigured a young girl's face by hurling a stone at her.

Salinger remains for the time being in Purgatory.

The artistic problems with "Hapworth 16, 1924," are of another kind.

Mr. Gardner is NR*'s art critic.*

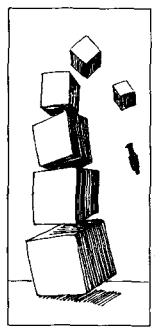

AUDIO BOOKS
• Rentals by mail
• All Unabridged
• Huge Selection
• 100% Guarantee
BLACKSTONE AUDIO BOOKS
Dept. NR • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland OR 97520
For a FREE Catalogue, Write or Call:
1-800-729-2665

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In all its myriad asides and precocious meditations on sexuality and literature, it stands to an average child's letter from camp in much the same way that Mozart's variations on the theme of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star" stand to the original jingle. In this regard as well it is the logical successor to "Seymour: An Introduction," in which Salinger had already rejected the straightforward narrative style of his earlier works in favor of something much jauntier and closer to the *nouveau roman* that was coming into style in the early Sixties. Experimentalism in fiction seemed much more interesting then than it does today, and the structure of the present work is so arbitrary and repetitive, while the tone is so uniform, that nowhere can one find in it the crisp narrative integrity that characterized the earlier Glass stories.

But its datedness goes beyond mere questions of formalism. Why is it that this work, as well as the other Glass stories, could not be written in the same way today? What separates its world from the world we now inhabit? One factor is the implicit but palpable Jewishness of these stories, notwithstanding that the characters, unlike the author, are supposed to be only half Jewish. Manifest in almost every paragraph is the cerebral ambitiousness that characterized the Jewish intellectual who loomed so large in our cultural landscape a generation ago, not to mention the effects of the spectacular ascent of the Jews, during the postwar period, into the middle and upper middle classes of American society. These same issues occupied the fiction of Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud, and Philip Roth. But with the completion of this process of assimilation, sometime in the early Seventies, its very relevance to narrative fiction diminished considerably.

At the same time, the appetite for high culture as the most prestigious thing to which intelligent people might aspire has been dispelled, at least for the time being. It would be rare in a current novel for an adult—never mind a seven-year-old—to write a letter begging someone to send him George Eliot, Thackeray, the Raja-Yoga, and the complete works of Leo Tolstoy. This fixation on intelligence for its own sake, which is expressed more avidly by Salinger perhaps than by any other American writer, has no parallel in current discourse, unless it be the equally consuming appetite for qualities like post-modern glamor and emotional authenticity.


·S·H·C·

Furthermore, there is a strain of rebelliousness in Salinger's works that is, in a sense, the victim of its own success. The adolescent challenge to the phoniness of one's elders that inspired *The Catcher in the Rye* was so much the coin of the realm by the later Sixties that this very rebelliousness, or its imitation, has become the most entrenched kind of conformity. Indeed, rebelliousness has been taken so far that the real rebellion that the Glass family represents may well be entirely invisible to most younger readers.

In reading "Hapworth 16, 1924," the new generation of readers will pit one fashion, to which they adhere, against another, which has long since been superseded. Only when both fashions have been superseded, when fashion ceases to be an issue at all, will the reader come to a more accurate assessment of Salinger's work. And that assessment, if one may hazard a guess, will be very favorable, though more for the stories that predate "Hapworth 16, 1924," than for this last-born product of Mr. Salinger's depleted imagination. □

FILM

The Ambiguity of It All

JOHN SIMON

ONE of the great, troubling problems is that even in the best people there is often something that is not good. And a yet more troubling problem is that even in the worst people there is often something good. This is the subtext of a very fine new gangster movie, ***Donnie Brasco***, which, despite its genre, qualifies as a work of art.

It is based on a true story, the memoir of Joseph D. Pistone, the FBI agent who infiltrated the Bonanno crime family for two years of perilous undercover work, which led to the breakup of that powerful mob. A thrilling enough tale of suspense is here made outstanding by the human element in which it abounds. Pistone, who pretended to be a jewelry fence named Donnie Brasco, gained the confidence of a minor, aging Mafioso, Lefty Ruggiero, who became his friend and sponsor, and came to regard him as his surrogate son. Pistone–Brasco, in turn, became deeply attached to Lefty, and tried hard to protect him from both the Mafia and the FBI.

While undercover, Joe, or Donnie, could only sporadically communicate with his wife, Maggie, and their daughters by telephone, and occasionally pop in for short, surprise visits. He could almost never make it to important occasions in the girls' lives, or tell his wife about his work or his whereabouts. The strain on an otherwise very good marriage was enormous.

Add to this gripping plot first-rate dialogue: Paul Attanasio, who also wrote *Quiz Show*, has supplied a screenplay that sounds tough, funny, scary, at times almost poetic, and always, even when it takes liberties with the facts, disarmingly true. Then add director Mike Newell, who gave us *Enchanted April* and *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, and who here surpasses himself.

There is not a false move in this two-hour movie bursting with incident and detail, revealing and riveting even in its throwaway scenes, so that it seems both longer and shorter than it actually is. Longer, because there appears to be more crowded into it than we can absorb—and yet we do, more or less; shorter, because it all goes by so excitingly and involvingly that we wish it would never end.

Next, there is the exemplary casting and acting. We have seen Al Pacino in every permutation of the good-bad and bad-good guy, but not in a long time in so rewarding a role, and rising so assuredly to its challenge. Lefty bemoans his having "clipped" 26 guys for the Family and still been constantly bypassed for promotion; even an old dog gets a piece of warm pavement to stretch out on, but not he! Pacino

Mr. Simon is NR's film critic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brings so much ironic humor, bitter mockery, and understated pathos to the part that he makes us forget Lefty's criminality and suffer and hope with him and, at the last, perceive his fate as tragic. He displays and sustains the best hangdog expression this side of a basset hound, shot through with fugitive whiffs of merriment, feelingfulness, and rage. His clothes are both outrageous and pathetic, especially the porkpie hat that looks more like a fallen soufflé; but mostly it is his expressions that look rumpled, his features slept-in.

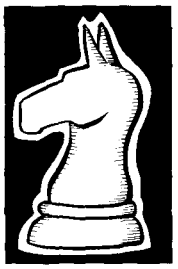
It is a great, troubling problem that even in the worst people there is often something good.

Equally astounding is the Donnie of Johnny Depp. There is something both too young for his age and too old for his youth about this FBI man who, as he heatedly explains to his hurting wife, has become not just "like one of them," but "one of them." Depp's underlying expression is one of bewilderment and awe (phony, or is it?), behind which lurks the alert observer, ready to thrust or parry as needed. With his FBI colleagues, he can be urgent or relaxed; with his wife, tough or pleading; with his children, awash in solicitude. The young actor manages transitions and nuances with the skill of a veteran—say, an Al Pacino. And yes, the two actors together are even bigger than the sum of their parts.

Anne Heche is lucently compelling as the put-upon, sometimes rebellious, but patently loving wife. And what superb performances from a large cast of assorted Mafiosi and lawmen and their womenfolk, too numerous to name here, save for Michael Madsen, as a rising capo, and Bruno Kirby, as a double-dealing henchman, who must be mentioned, if only because of the size of their roles. And I'll throw in Zach Grenier, as a marriage counselor in a particularly fetching scene. For once in a Mafia movie, the scenes with family are as persuasive as those with the Family. Even the soundtrack is admirable, and not only for Patrick Doyle's score, better than the composer's usual work for Kenneth Branagh, but also for such details as when in a tumultuous outdoor scene in the Florida night you can clearly hear the crickets chirping away.

Although not everything is strictly factual here, the fictional aspects blend in seamlessly. One of my favorite episodes has Donnie and a bunch of wiseguys in a Japanese restaurant, where the maitre d' insists on everyone's removing his shoes. Donnie can't oblige without revealing the tape recorder in his boot and the wire up his leg. What ensues is spine-tingling and heart-rending—somehow both gruesome and comical—but my lips are sealed.

Whether the hoods make comic asses of themselves on a tennis court or feed hamburgers to a real lion in their Caddie, whether there is bittersweet conjugal sex on a staircase or a wrenching confrontation in a hospital, the rightness never lets up. Jon Gregory's editing is canny in its rubato, matched by Newell's sense of camera angle and position; note, for example, how a pair of red snakeskin boots figures in two very different scenes. Peter Sova, a cinematographer of whom we have seen too little, does atmospheric wonders indoors and outdoors, particularly with cars gliding portentously through an ominously darkling city.



Indeed, the way New York and Florida are captured here makes masterly use of ambience. Production design and costume design are equally flawless—observe, for instance, those Seventies polyester suits on the wiseguys. And Newell sees to it that the unexpected pervades the quotidian with an ambushing spontaneity about which nothing feels staged. It all goes by with such realistic rapidity that much of *Donnie Brasco* ripens fully only later, in engaged recollection. I am still mulling over the scene in which Donnie, or Joseph, explains to a couple of FBI colleagues the various meanings a Mafioso can, according to the inflection, pack into the phrase *fuhgeddaboudit*. There is, however, very little about this film you'll be able to forget.

■ You will, though, want to forget all about ***Marvin's Room***, should you have the misfortune of wandering into it. It is based on a play by Scott McPherson that made it largely on the much-publicized fact of its author's suffering from AIDS, which soon killed him. Also, the play itself dealt with AIDS, although in a coyly roundabout way that many may have preferred.

The film adaptation, somewhat questionably attributed to the long-deceased playwright, is both tamer (less absurdist) and duller (more explicit and drawn-out) than the play. Poorly directed by the stage director Jerry Zaks, new to the cinema, it features an inept but mercifully brief performance by Robert De Niro, and two horrible ones by Meryl Streep and Leonardo DiCaprio. Diane Keaton, whom I usually dislike, is quite marvelous here, but not enough to make you set foot in this stiflingly overheated, windowless room. □

BAD MANNERS

Howard's End?

JONATHAN FOREMAN

PEOPLE who hate Howard Stern come from all parts of the ideological spectrum. They include some of my best friends. I myself find him hilarious only about half the time. His fart jokes in particular leave me cold. But you can tell a lot about a man by his enemies. A Stern character was presented in a highly unflattering light on *Murphy Brown*, and young reporters at the *New York Times* would like to sentence him to years of sensitivity training. But even the first time I heard his show, in a Philadelphia taxicab, I realized that, on the whole, Howard Stern is a Good Thing. Arriving at my destination I told a law-school colleague about the strange radio personality I

Mr. Foreman is a writer in New York City.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had discovered that morning. This man happened to be our class's gauleiter of political correctness, and he immediately launched into a hysterical rant about Stern, one that I've heard many times since and which included adjectives like "disgusting," "racist," and "repulsive."

It is true that Howard Stern could flourish only in a culture as debased and shameless as our own. Yet his success is a sign that many things that seemed lost are still with us. Because, for someone whose sense of humor is awash in adolescent crudeness, Stern is, in his own way, an avatar of wholesome, all-American values.

Certainly he is a rebel against certain forms of piety, but in the way that the Monty Python team were rebels. Had the Pythons worked in radio, surely they too would have come up with the idea of putting a naked women on the air, and with lines like, "The woman sitting next to me is *nude*. She is not wearing any *clothes*!"

While his film, *Private Parts*, is charming, and emphasizes the sweetness and uxoriousness appreciated by all Stern fans, it may signal the beginning of the end of the Stern phenomenon. The essence of Sternism is inseparable from its original medium. And the Howard Stern show is radio's last counterattack against television, with its relentless cult of empty celebrity.

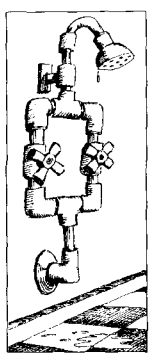
Of course, no television programs are more plastic, bland, and ruthlessly inoffensive than the morning shows with their grinning blow-dried hosts. So it is no coincidence that one of Stern's favorite vendettas is against Kathie Lee Gifford. Nor that some of the show's finest moments have involved Stern's use of "Stuttering John Melendez" as a guided missile against preening celebs. Melendez will infiltrate a flock of journalists tossing easy lobs to someone like Kevin Costner, and then ask a question so ridiculous and insulting that the star will be stunned into silence or even violence.

Unlike its TV competitors, the Stern show is unscripted. Sidekick Robin Quivers will read out stories from the morning papers while Stern makes grumpy or facetious comments. Then he lights upon a topic that captures his imagination and away he goes. In the movie, a pollster explains that those who like Stern tend to listen to the show for one and a half hours, those who dislike him listen for two and a half hours, and both cite a desire "to see what he is going to say next." A listener to Stern enjoys a powerful sense of communion, not only with Stern's team, but with all the other listeners. You could almost be gathered round a clandestine wireless in a basement somewhere in occupied Europe tuned in to the BBC.

The success of Howard Stern is a sign that, in our debased culture, many things that seemed lost are still with us.

Stern's sensibility is vulgar in the literal sense. It expresses many of the grossly unfashionable convictions of the working class, and some of the forbidden thoughts of the bourgeoisie: the appalling things that might cross your mind when you are flipping through the *New York Post*. Things along the lines of "Bernie Goetz should be given a medal," "O.J. should be clubbed to death with his Bruno Magli shoes," or "I wonder what it's like to have sex with Pamela Anderson Lee." When you hear Howard say this sort of thing, you realize that you are not alone.

The radio program is very much a team effort. The Stern gang functions like a traditional but eccentric and multiracial American family. Howard Stern would not be Howard Stern without Miss Quivers, a clever, beautiful, tolerant black woman with an extraordinarily musical laugh.



Stern is not a racist. His listeners can tell he's not, even though he traffics in every possible ethnic stereotype. They know that he's being tongue in cheek and they also know that he is acknowledging that all stereotypes have some basis in truth. This acknowledgement has a strangely disarming effect. You'll often hear Stern ask an Italian, Jewish, black, Chinese, Irish, Puerto Rican, WASP, or homosexual guest some wince-making question about the group's alleged proclivities. But instead of getting angry, this person will laugh or fire a joke back, because he or she is wrapped in Stern's odd aura of innocence. The relief that follows is like the calm after a summer storm.

Politically, Stern is something like a Reagan Democrat or a Clinton Republican with a healthy dose of Perotista cynicism about politicians. He is liberal on social and sexual issues and extremely conservative on crime and fiscal issues. He supported Christine Todd Whitman in New Jersey, and his own, sadly abortive, run for governor of New York was largely based on the restoration of the death penalty. And he despises affirmative action. Furthermore, as his new movie makes clear, he is a very serious family man. He is devoted to his children, who are not allowed to listen to the radio and whom he claims to have told that he is a Harvard professor. His fidelity to his wife—in the face of ever-increasing temptation—is a central part of his schtick.

But the key to understanding the Stern phenomenon lies in his look. When I first heard him on the air, his deep, disk-jockey voice made me picture a square-jawed, clean-cut type, possibly rather short and stocky. In fact, as anyone who has turned on a television in the past three weeks must know, Stern is a skinny giant with a huge head of hair uncut in a style that was last fashionable in 1972. He wears black jeans, sunglasses, and a leather motorcycle jacket, like the once-popular rock singer Joey Ramone. It's a strange uniform because it is both deeply unfashionable and resolutely rebellious. It is what rock musicians used to wear. Stern doesn't play rock records on his show. But he expresses a rock 'n' roll sensibility, one leavened with a tendency to self-depreciation, particularly when it comes to his own lack of sexual prowess. Today, for all its adolescence, such a sensibility can seem quaintly old-fashioned, even conservative. Like the rock lyrics he grew up on, Stern is simultaneously lecherous and an advocate of true love and fidelity. He is also moralistic, petulant, prone to violent fantasy, sentimental, and firmly patriotic.

I would be embarrassed to have my grandmother accidentally tune in to Mr. Stern's show. He could not but offend people who grew up in an era when gentlemen in suits doffed their hats to ladies. But his coarseness hides a decency and common sense that still strike a chord with millions of Americans. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Business Opportunities

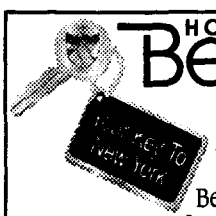
EARN BIG $$—NO HYPE!! #1 Internet Market. Use your PC, be the BOSS. Low Startup, High Profit$. 800-694-0389 (Ext. 505). Money-Back Guarantee!

GET PAID FOR READING BOOKS! $100 each. Send name, address to: Calco Publishing (Dept. C-103), 22 North Plains, Wallingford, Conn. 06492.

CAREER BURNOUT? Home health business, serious income. Free information: 800-925-2494.

$1000s POSSIBLE READING BOOKS. Part Time. At Home. Toll Free 800-218-9000, Ext. R-3013 for Listings.

Hotels



HOTEL Bedford

118 E. 40th Street,
New York, NY 10016

Between Park and Lexington Avenues...on Manhattan's fashionable East Side. Ideally located for business, Fifth Avenue Shops, Entertainment and Fine Dining.

Special National Review Rates

Reservations: 800-221-6881 (USA & Canada)
FAX (212) 697-1093

For Sale

THE WHITE HOUSE BATHROBES

You may never be an overnight guest, but now you can buy the guest bathrobe. 100% white terry velour cotton, one size fits all. Embroidered White House logo, made in USA. $75 (+$3.50 S/H) to:
THE SPORTSMAN'S LOCKER
P. O. Box 6701, Towson, MD 21285-6701
http://www.bcpl.lib.md.us/~tfmiller

SEIZED CARS FROM $175. Porsches, Cadillacs, Chevys, BMWs, Corvettes. Also Jeeps, 4WDs. Your area. Toll Free: 800-218-9000, Ext. A-3013 for current listings.

Health

NOW GET LONGEVITY'S EDGE. Look younger/feel great! For this powerful list of titles send S.A.S.E. to: Health Advantage, P. O. Box 4893-N, New York, N.Y. 10185-4893.

Real Estate

GOV'T FORECLOSED HOMES for pennies on the $1. Delinquent Tax, Repo's, REO's. Your Area. Toll Free: 800-218-9000, Ext. H-3013 for current listings.

Vacation Rentals

MAUI—IDYLLIC OCEANFRONT condo. One bedroom, fully furnished. $90 daily. 818-796-3451.

BEAUTIFULLY RESTORED COLONIAL INN located on easily accessible Loyalist Island of Green Turtle Cay, Bahamas. Has attracted celebrity guests of every description, including a former U.S. President, but mostly caters to nice ordinary folks. 60 per cent repeat clientele. $60 double-occupancy. Includes English breakfast, delightful dinner. Information: Melissa Halsted, 17 Timber Ridge Drive, Annandale, N.J. 08801. 908-638-6222. Direct: 242-365-4138.

Organizations

INTERNATIONAL
Churchill Society
Preserving Sir Winston's Legacy
Teaching the Next Generation

Quarterly Journal • Tours • Conferences • Publications
Subscriptions $35 – call or write for free brochure:
Call 1-800-643-6218 • ICS, Box 385A, Hopkinton, NH 03229
Website: www.winstonchurchill.org

Literary

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED. Subsidy Publisher with 75-year tradition. Call 800-695-9599.

DO YOU HAVE A BOOK TO PUBLISH?
Pentland Press, Inc.
USA • ENGLAND • SCOTLAND
Send manuscript for evaluation. Co-operative publisher can arrange the editing, design, publication, promotion, warehousing and distribution of your book.
5124 Bur Oak Circle, Raleigh, NC 27612
1-800-948-2786

GOOD USED BOOKS—wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too. History, fiction, social science, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Send $2 for listings of 25,000 titles and prices. Editions, Desk NR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

NEW AUTHORS
PUBLISH YOUR WORK
All subjects considered:
Fiction, Biography, Poetry, Religion, Children's
AUTHORS WORLDWIDE INVITED
Write, or send your manuscript to:
MINERVA PRESS
2 OLD BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON SW7 3DQ, ENGLAND

Religion

LOOKING FOR A CHURCH that still teaches traditional values? Call the Anglican Catholic Church Information Center. 800-506-7616.

Educational Opportunities

LEARN MORE **SPANISH**
- WORLD NEWS MAGAZINE
- INTERMEDIATE SPANISH MONTHLY
- GLOSSARY IN EVERY ISSUE
- $25 PER YEAR (12 ISSUES)

FREE BROCHURE: SAMPLE ARTICLES!
EDUCATIONAL NEWS SERVICE
PO Box 60478-NR, Florence, MA 01060
1-800-600-4494 • info@ednews.com

T-Shirts & Bumper Stickers

"COMPULSIVE OVER-GOVERNING: IS RECOVERY POSSIBLE?" Get free bumper stickers to show your support! Dave Polewka, P. O. Box 3652, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27515-3652.

Financial

LEARN HOW TO DISINHERIT THE IRS and at the same time make a fortune with the most powerful wealth-building opportunity in the world today! 800-995-0796 (Ext. 2829).

Travel

RATS!!!—You'd *love* to go on *NR*'s 1997 Alaska Cruise, but you just can't afford the "singles only" rate. If only you could find a partner (of the same sex, naturally!) to share a stateroom, you'd be cruisin' in a heartbeat. Well, fret not: *NR* can match you up with another conservative guy or gal as your cabin mate. Don't delay—for more info call Jack Fowler at 212-679-7330.

Friendship, Etc.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS, linked nationally since 1970. P. O. Box 117, Gradyville, Pa. 19039. 800-773-3437.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH LADIES & ELIGIBLE BRITISH GENTLEMEN seek friendship, romance & marriage with Americans! All ages! Free details: English Rose (Dept. NR), Romance House, 20 Albion St., Broadstairs, Kent, CT10 1LU England. Telephone: 011-44-1843-863322 (24 hrs.).

CLASSICAL MUSIC LOVERS' EXCHANGE ® for unattached music lovers. Nationwide. P. O. Box 31, Pelham, N.Y. 10803. 800-233-CMLS.

FREE CONTACT MAGAZINE. Beautiful, sincere, educated, marriageable Russians, Asians. 250+ photographs/descriptions. SPG, 1964-NR Stewart Avenue, Kansas City, Kan. 66104-4742. 913-621-4022.

MEET SOUTH AMERICAN LADIES! #1 Service—catalogues, videos, tours. Free fotobrochure! T.L.C., P. O. Box 924994-NR, Houston, Texas 77292-4994. 713-896-9224.

BEAUTIFUL EAST EUROPEAN, RUSSIAN LADIES 18-40 seek marriage. Free photo catalogue! ACWN, P. O. Box 220943, Chantilly, Va. 22202-0943. Internet: www.acw-i.com.

RUSSIAN LADIES, truly beautiful, educated, seek romance! Beautiful videos, exciting Moscow tours. Free photocatalog. Russia 206, P. O. Box 888851, Atlanta, Ga. 30356. 770-458-0909.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LATINAS ON VIDEO EXPRESS. 7516 E. Main Street, Suite #4-201-NR, Mesa, Arizona 85207. 602-982-7065.

ASIAN BEAUTIES! WORLDWIDE! Romance, Lifemates! P.I.C., Box 461873-NR, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046. 213-650-1994. www.pacisl.com.

ASIAN WOMEN Desire Marriage! Established 1984! Free Photobrochure! SUNSHINE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE, P. O. Box 5500-FH, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii 96745-5500. 808-325-7707. http://sunshine-girls.com

RUSSIA, EUROPE, USA, CANADA, etc.: Correspond with sincere, professional men and women worldwide, for friendship and more. SCANNA International, P. O. Box 550527-NR, Atlanta, Ga. 30355. 800-677-3170. On Worldwide Web: http://www.scanna.com/

ALOHA! MEET WOMEN WORLDWIDE! Thousands of happy marriages since 1974. Complimentary photo magazine: Cherry Blossoms, Box 190-NR, Kapaau, Hawaii 96755. 619-262-6025 (Ext. 48).

JAPANESE WOMEN! 110 Pacific, #208JW, San Francisco, Calif. 94111. 816-942-1668.

Personal

FURTHER PROOF THAT YOU CAN FIND MR./MISS RIGHT WITH AN *NR* PERSONAL AD

We received a letter recently from a military officer stationed in California who wrote simply to thank us for brokering (so to speak) his marriage. He had placed a Personal ad in this section in December of 1992, which was answered by a young lady from Long Island. They corresponded for a while, finally met in 1993, and were married in 1994. He enclosed a picture of himself, his lovely wife Christine, and their two girls, Tess & Camille. We in turn thank *you*, Mark Murphy, for your kind words about the magazine. And we wish you and your family a long and happy life.

NYC/NJ—ATTRACTIVE PROFESSIONAL MAN, 29, seeks intellectually curious, kind, attractive, spiritual Catholic woman who desires to share friendship, fun, faith, and hopefully more. NR Box 2378.

***NR* REPRINTS AVAILABLE**

"The War On Drugs Is Lost" ($1.70)
"NR's 40th Anniversary Issue" ($2.95)
"The Real Reagan Record" ($2.95)
"The 100 Best Conservative Movies" ($1.50)
"Health Care: Second Opinions" ($2)
(Please add 50 cents for shipping and handling.)
Bulk prices available for all upon request.

Send to:
NATIONAL REVIEW,
215 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016
Specify selection.

CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Rates: $4.50 per word (10-word minimum). Phone number, zip code, all permitted abbreviations (P. O. Box, S.A.S.E., etc.) count as one word.

Discounts: 4 times, $4.00 per word; 6 times, $3.75 per word; 8 or more times, $3.50 per word.

Display Ads: Minimum 1-inch, maximum 9 inches (vertical). Width 2 1/4 inches. One time, $225 per column inch; 4 times, $200 per column inch; 8 times, $185 per column inch; 10 or more times, $175 per column inch. Camera-ready art (to size) must be provided. Display rates apply to Classified section only.

NR Box Numbers: $10 additional (one-time only charge). When responding to an NR Box number, Address: NR Box ____, c/o Tony Savage, *NATIONAL REVIEW*, 215 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. Letters will be forwarded by 1st class mail.

To Order: Full payment in advance by check, money order (payable to *NATIONAL REVIEW*), MasterCard, or Visa (include expiration date). Address: Tony Savage, *NATIONAL REVIEW*, 215 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016. FAX: 212-696-0340. Tel. 212-679-7330

Deadlines: Every other Tuesday (approx. 16 days before the magazine is printed). Upcoming deadlines: April 1st, 15th & 29th; May 13th & 27th.

Restrictions: *NR* may reject any copy deemed unsuitable for whatever reason, without comment. Such rejections are almost always based on our interpretation of common decency and good taste. Partisan political viewpoints expressed in connection with specific goods or services are the sole responsibility of the advertiser, and are not necessarily a reflection of *NR*'s editorial position. We do not accept ads for 900 numbers, and there are no agency commissions for the classifieds.

DiIULIO

(Continued from page 40)

and support, with others who rely on them and [on] whom they can rely, which seems especially important for men.

Professor Waite also noted that marriage "provides adults with an on-site, readily available sex partner." If you think that's trivial or something that the cohab crowd gets with extra thrills, guess again. Most of the recent surveys indicate that marrieds enjoy sex (with their spouse, that is) more than bar-hopping singles or co-habbing doubles do.

Second, let's start to hold each other accountable for divorce. No, I'm not suggesting that we follow the example of my grandmother by giving the back of our hand to anyone who gets divorced. But, in the spirit of a speech that William Bennett gave a year or so ago to a Christian Coalition convention, let's criticize selfish divorce-seeking and divorce-getting behavior with real moral gusto.

No one, least of all any self-described cultural conservative, should smile politely when a friend callously breaks the matrimonial bonds and hurts both spouse and children. And those who look the other way on divorce weaken their right to feel morally exercised when the institution of marriage is so cheapened and de-traditionalized by divorce that same-sex "marriages" become something against which one actually needs to formulate a coherent rational/legal argument. Especially where vulnerable youngsters are involved, divorce is socially and morally irresponsible, period. Say so, and mean it, eyeball to eyeball with divorcing barbers, colleagues, and (ahem) fellow conservative editors and writers.

Third and finally, trumpet the science and stigmatize the act, but also dare to declare that marriage is sacred, divorce profane. The post–Vatican II Catholic Church in America has become something of a sieve on divorce, in let-it-slide practice if not in unchanged doctrine. But a recent Catholic catechism still catches the sacred spirit of marriage, defined as a union between a "single man and a single woman who are of age free to marry and capable of sexual intercourse, who intend to live together and be faithful to each other until death, intend to raise a family, and who are, in no way, prohibited by the law of God from marrying." Divorce and remarriage is unholy, forbidden, a mortal sin: "Everyone who puts away his wife and marries another commits adultery; and he who marries a woman who has been put away from her husband commits adultery" (Luke 16:18).

To secularize (and Kantianize) my point about the sacredness of marriage and the profanity of divorce, people who wed are morally obliged to act as eternal romantics. The spiritual beauty, social utility, and innate goodness of the traditional marriage is derived from its capacity to tether a man to a woman in a lifelong ritual of unconditional love, and to prepare them to offer themselves as one in unconditional love to any children, either procreated or adopted, with whom they are blessed. To say "I do" is to say that there is on this planet at least one person apart from blood relatives whom you view as an end in himself or herself; a "marriage of convenience"—or "being married" only so long as it's fun, profitable, or convenient—is a moral contradiction in terms. Unfettered divorce undermines a free society's one certain source of unconditional love and thereby gradually unleashes a host of unlovely consequences, individual, familial, and social.

So, whatever your religion (or lack of same), try marriage, you'll like it. And, if Dr. Larson is even half right, you'll probably live longer, too. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

1 B	2 P	3 S		4 F	5 T	6 G		7 V	8 T	9 F	10 K	11 I	12 P		13 O	14 D	15 F	16 B						
17 K	18 F	19 P	20 S	21 H	22 U		23 A	24 U	25 H		26 C	27 K	28 Q	29 J		30 B	31 U	32 E	33 P					
34 N	35 L		36 S	37 P		38 I	39 L	40 C		41 U	42 C	43 R	44 Q	45 B	46 A		47 E	48 D	49 U					
50 T	51 H		52 C	53 P	54 O	55 G	56 D		57 D	58 R	59 H	60 C	61 E		62 S	63 T	64 K		65 K					
66 N	67 P	68 J		69 Q	70 P	71 C		72 P	73 V		74 P	75 T	76 F		77 F	78 B	79 D	80 P	81 U					
82 V		83 L	84 C	85 V	86 J	87 O		88 G	89 J	90 D		91 J	92 F	93 N	94 A	95 L	96 M	97 O	98 T					
99 K	100 V	101 E	102 D		103 K	104 B	105 A		106 I	107 F	108 C	109 M		110 T	111 A	112 E	113 G		114 J					
115 F	116 K		117 E	118 P	119 B	120 F		121 B	122 C	123 N	124 M		125 Q	126 J	127 R		128 L	129 H	130 I					
131 B	132 R	133 E	134 M	135 F		136 T	137 O	138 J	139 P		140 S	141 B	142 F	143 A										

DEFINITIONS

A. The Lord's Day — 46 94 111 105 23 143

B. Ancient Israel's traveling temple — 45 141 30 16 78 104 1 121 119 131

C. Reveals — 26 42 108 122 84 40 52 71 60

D. Joseph's Egyptian wife — 57 90 14 102 79 56 48

E. "And _____ was made flesh, and dwelt among us." (2 words) — 112 117 61 47 101 133 32

F. Sailors implore Him as Master of this (3 words) — 4 115 107 9 142 77 15 120 135 76 92 18

G. Companion of faith and charity — 88 113 55 6

H. Sacred vestment worn by Aaron and his successors — 21 129 51 59 25

I. What Jacob and Esau did at the Isaacson family reunion (Gen. 33:4) — 106 11 130 38

J. A long time to sit in Hell — 86 138 68 91 126 89 114 29

K. "And if any man sin, we have an _____ with the Father." (1 John 2:1) — 27 64 10 17 65 103 99 116

L. Abraham's wife — 35 83 95 128 39

M. Coastal kingdom allied with David and Solomon — 109 124 96 134

N. Direction whence our Lord's return is awaited (Matt. 24:27) — 34 66 93 123

O. "But they that wait upon the Lord shall _____ their strength." (Isa. 40:31) — 87 54 137 97 13

P. Sacred hill east of Jerusalem (3 words) — 67 139 70 2 74 118 37 72 53 33 80 19 12

Q. Second son of Judah to be slain by God (Gen. 28:2–11) — 69 28 125 44

R. Abraham mounted one to rescue Lot (Gen. 14) — 58 132 43 127

S. Jethro or Abraham, for example — 20 36 140 62 3

T. Where the parson's son fears he'll spend Word J (2 words) — 110 63 98 5 136 8 50 75

U. Joshua's fame was "_____ throughout all the country." (Jos. 6:27) — 24 31 49 41 81 22

V. Spiritual endowments — 7 100 73 85 82

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's Deluxe Unabridged Dictionary*, Second Edition.

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. ABBA EBAN: *The UN Idea Revisited*: "Professional diplomacy is dominated by a sense of limits proceeding from a somber view of human nature. It pursues relatively modest goals, like prolonged stability, rather than a new era in the governance of humankind."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

The Resources Of Bill Clinton

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28

Bill Clinton has a lot of friends. I have never met him, laid eyes on him only once, at a ceremony to which I was drawn not because the President was speaking, but because the late Sen. Tom Dodd was being celebrated. Yet at Christmas my wife and I had a greeting card from him. How does one parlay a Christmas card into a night in the Lincoln Bedroom? Mr. Clinton's friendship has to be one of the most prehensile phenomena in modern times: the grip of your hand, if he can manage it, can result in your inclusion in a list of friends he so much esteems he invites them to bunk down at Motel 1600, as the wags began calling the White House early in the week.

It has been bravely reported even by newspapers that urged the President's reelection that Mr. Clinton was anything but a reluctant player in the hard drive to convert the White House into a mint for producing cash. When, scared to death by the Republican landslide of 1994, an aide sent Mr. Clinton a memorandum recommending presidential "breakfast, lunch, or coffee" for guests who gave to the party or were prospective givers, Mr. Clinton scrawled on the memorandum, "overnight." And the overnight invitations poured out. So consumed would the President be with his social agenda that the White House staff was warned of the need to cut down on the time consumed in briefing him on national affairs. On the other hand, who knows? H. L. Mencken observed in 1926 that the government hummed along nicely while President Coolidge napped. Perhaps the relative serenity of 1996 derived from the inattention Mr. Clinton paid to national problems.

These invitations, the White House said, were given out only to friends of the President. Men and women, the President himself added, he was proud to have as overnight guests. Ho ho ho. It would be interesting to flash a few pictures before the President. Going through the list of 938, courtesy of the *New York Times*, and plucking the tenth name from letters A, B, C, and D, we have: Truman Arnold, Hope Bell, Bettie Caldwell, and Christopher Dixon. Who will bet that the President could point to those pictures of his friends, and know who they were?

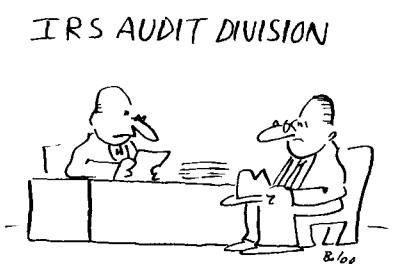
What did Messrs. and Mss. Arnold, Bell, Caldwell, and Dixon do for the President? They gave money (we confidently assume) to one or another branch of the Democratic Party.

Michael McCurry, the White House press secretary, has had a rough week. He did say about the White House coffee sessions that "the notion that there was any specific requirement that they give money was not a feature of the coffees themselves." But then we learned, collaterally, that the manager of the Clinton–Gore campaign, Mr. Peter Knight, wrote a memorandum projecting the "take" at White House coffees at $350,000 and up. That's a lot of money to pay for coffee with the President, but then $33,000 is a lot to pay for Jackie Kennedy's torn footstool, and the late Mrs. Kennedy can't appoint judges or ambassadors or provide access to just the right person to look at just that problem that is vexing the Arnolds, Bells, Caldwells, and Dixons of the day.

If there weren't a quid pro quo involved in the extravagant hospitality of the Lincoln Bedroom, what was the motive in inviting these 938 friends? Another way to put it is, What is required to become a friend of Bill Clinton? Well, there are coffee-level friends, lunch-level friends, and overnight-level friends. On one occasion, we learned, the President was told kindly to telephone a fundraiser on his birthday—the fundraiser had committed himself to raising $500,000 for the Democratic National Committee. What do you get if you commit yourself to raising a million? A second call on Valentine's Day?

What distresses is the lengths to which politicians go in order to exercise their powers, whether to deploy a postmastership or the Lincoln Bedroom. The terrible fear of losing office. Such fears can be understood if the replacement will be a fascist or a Communist. Anyone who did not contribute to the campaign in Germany in 1932 had less to complain about when Hitler came to power.

But the Clinton Presidency isn't about preventing tyranny. It is about staying in there, enjoying Air Force One and the power to titillate by auctioning off access to the room in which Abraham Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation. □



"Hmmm. That still leaves you with $14— I'd better figure this again."

Clean It Up!

NEW YORK, MARCH 11

Your friendly lawyer will instruct you that what Mr. Gore did last week was "to plead in the alternative." The sequence runs roughly as follows: 1) Client didn't do it. 2) If he did do it, it was legal. 3) Even though it wasn't legal, it should have been. And 4) client won't do it again.

There may be more petals in that rose than Al Gore has caused to bloom, but the essence of it is there: I'm proud of what I did and I won't do it again.

Those who exposed themselves to the White House press conference fled weepingly in search of Occam's Razor, the old principle that you should not multiply explanations, rather select the simplest and most obvious of them. The President's grand view of the whole situation is as simple as that the Republicans spent more money than the Democrats and therefore the "people" had to have a chance to "hear" the "competitive" views of the Administration and therefore it was necessary to turn the White House into a theme park. But it was a theme park in which all the rides were in fact legal, and those tiny, little brushes of problematic legality are things which will never happen again, now that he knows what they are, but all he can say, which is what really counts, is that the people involved, notably Miss Williams, chief of staff to Mrs. Clinton, and Mr. Gore, Vice President, are fine, honorable people.

One has to concede the difficulties Mr. Clinton works with. The (very old) law says that you cannot raise money in your office, the idea being, back before the telephone, that you mustn't bully your subordinate into giving to the political pot, in the style of labor unions. What happens, the inventive voice asks, when you install a telephone in your White House office but that telephone is paid for by the Democratic National Committee and the phone number is listed not under "The White House," but rather under DNC, at its office address? Simply because you are seated in the White House, is your money-raising transmission to Joe Gotrocks in St.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Louis really a White House call, or is it a DNC call? Suppose that the trunk line was at the DNC and when the call came in for Mr. Gore, the operator rang an extension number. Was that a White House call? Or a DNC call?

Arguments about the use of the Lincoln Bedroom reached transmogrifying lengths, as when Garry Wills in his syndicated column averred that Lincoln had never stepped foot in the Lincoln Bedroom, so what was the fuss all about that invested such sanctity in a room unrelated to Lincoln? Inasmuch as the Lincoln Bedroom constitutes about one-tenth of the second floor of the White House, one has to assume that the space it occupies was visited by Mr. Lincoln if only to take exercise on rainy days. Mr. Wills's lame excuse rests on the refurbishing of the White House undertaken in the late Forties by President Truman, at which time most of the rooms were physically rebuilt, involving the destruction of old ceilings, floors, and walls. The bed in the Lincoln Bedroom is where A. Lincoln was embalmed and where his son Willie died, and the space the room occupies was used by A. Lincoln to sign the Emancipation Proclamation. Because the walls are new does not deprive the room of the glamor obviously palpable to the 938 people who occupied it in Mr. Clinton's first term.

So what is to be done, now that we have a collision between Administration practices and the letter of the law in some cases (Mr. Gore's phone calls; Miss Williams's acceptance of the $50,000 check, which she turned over to the DNC), the spirit of the law in others (the potential donor who spends the night in the Lincoln Bedroom)? The old saw that the best way to invalidate a bad law is to enforce it would clearly be useful here. Any grand jury that indicts Miss Williams for what she did is jeopardizing not Miss Williams's future, but the future life of a silly law.

The only way to repair the White House is by some kind of zoning law, forbidding it to become a branch of Mr. Disney's empire. But as we have seen, this simply cannot be done in the absence of inhabitants who have the right reflexes. Mr. Clinton sought the clever diversion of pointing to the GOP's greater expenditures on the campaign. That statement should have evoked the withering contempt of schooled listeners. Mr. Clinton fought in no primary. Republican primary expenses were so high as, for instance, to leave Mr. Dole without a penny to spend during the three critical months before his nomination. And the cash value of the labor unions' soft-money contributions to the Democrats vastly exceeded two hundred million. The only way to clean up the White House is to clean up its inhabitant, and to do that you'd have to call in the DNA brigade. □

African Mess

NEW YORK, MARCH 7

Really, it is hard to deny that the West exercises racist policies. It does so by failing to reach logical conclusions about the turmoil in black Africa. We wait for Nelson Mandela to instruct us in the matter and, most recently, Keith Richburg, a black American journalist.

Do you know where Tingi Tingi is? Well, neither does the world atlas of the *New York Times*, though it lists villages as small as Sharon, Connecticut, population 2,000. Very deep in the day's news one learns that last Friday, "about seventeen *thousand* refugees fled Tingi Tingi." We learn that the town is 130 kilometers northwest of Ubundu. Ubundu is where United Nations relief planes have been attempting to land in order to deliver food to the Rwandans and Zaïreans engaged there in civil conflict, but the planes have had little luck because the Ubundu airstrip was last used in 1963.

Mobutu Sese Seko, as everybody knows, is in the south of France looking after his prostate cancer. He is very indignant that more strenuous efforts are not being made to hold back the rebel forces that threaten his country. And indeed there is a movement to convene "international monitors" to the scene. That movement is spearheaded by Kenya's president Daniel arap Moi, who has been in power for 19 years and likes it there. Nothing galvanizes dictators more than the need to encourage stability for other dictators. The rebels' "justice" official, Mwenze Kongolo, is reported as saying, "International monitors could become an interposition force and it would just result once again in the protection of Mobutu by his foreign friends."

Mobutu has difficulties other than his prostate. One deserter gave as his reason for deserting government forces that he had not been paid. Unpaid armies, we have been coached to learn since Julius Caesar, are very unreliable allies. The banks in Kindu, where the deserter was stationed, have not been open since 1991. Teachers have not been paid in three years, which is a long time to go without pay. What substitutes for it is bribery.

Twenty-four years ago Mobutu Sese Seko arrived in New York to give a speech before the United Nations General Assembly. To endure his week's visit in New York he provided himself some of the comforts of home, bringing along 63 aides including a lady-in-waiting for his wife, a maid, two valets, a radio editor, a TV editor, three cameramen, a photographer, and a lighting engineer. He received, it is recorded, more applause during and after his speech than any other visiting dignitary during the 23rd General Assembly. His address, delivered in French and composed (intelligent observers deduced) by some Gallic sophist animated by hate and contempt for the West, excoriated the West for its treatment of Africa. One of his points was that American aid to African students was simply a disingenuous means of augmenting government spending in America, since those students spent their grants in America, and he charged that it was humiliating to the African to be proffered aid in such undignified ways. General Mobutu knows something about humiliation. During one of the civil wars in Zaïre he was about to suffer a throat cut by a contending black faction, and was saved from this indignity by a CIA officer who tossed him into a cellar to hide.

Two important events of recent days may be a harbinger of relief. The first is the summoning by Nelson Mandela of a half-dozen black African leaders to South Africa to explore Mandela's vision of an all-black African mobile army that might be used to bring relief to such anguished trouble spots as Rwanda, Burundi, Zaïre, Liberia, Uganda—the list is wretchedly long. Mandela was spurned by Mobutu, presumably on the grounds that any organization that acknowledged a need for military interposition in Africa threatens the stability of incumbent dictators, which is of course correct; it does, and should.

The second is a cultural event, the publication of Keith Richburg's book, *Out of America*. The author is a black journalist with the *Washington Post* who spent three years in Africa and confronted almost every day the terrible backwardness of the countries he visited, and the random cruelty. Africa is "a place where the best and brightest minds languish in dark prison cells." Mr. Richburg's brief is primarily against his fellow black Americans, those of them who in designating themselves as "African-Americans" invoke, as though there were cause to do so, an implied pride and respect for the life and culture of present-day Africa. "Thank God," he concludes, "my nameless ancestor, brought across the ocean in chains and leg irons, made it out alive. Thank God I am an American."

The condescension shown toward Africa (Mobutu was royally treated here in 1973) gnaws at the edifice of reality and the idealism of the rule of law and democratic civility, and we should try to get over it. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

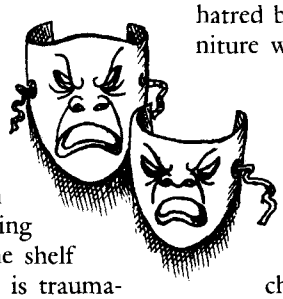
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

IN the past, whenever Europeans made fun of our provincialism and lack of culture, we could always salvage our egos with tributes to the "American standard of living."

It referred not to individual incomes but to what made us all rich, even the least among us. Merely by being Americans, we enjoyed an unprecedented degree of personal cleanliness and hygienic protection made possible by what advertisers proudly called "modern conveniences." Thanks to the ASOL, we could get even with our foreign critics, as H. L. Mencken did when he said, "I'd trade the whole Acropolis for one American bathroom."



To anyone raised in the ASOL heyday, seeing lice treatment kits on the shelf of a suburban drugstore is traumatizing. I spent 12 years in the D.C. public schools and never heard of anyone being infested, but now more and more schools are lousy in the literal as well as the figurative sense. Even more shocking, no one seems horrified. Newspapers report the problem with cute headlines about "nit-picking" and parents take it in stride, like the mother who told my local paper: "When I grew up, it was the poor, dirty kids who were thought to have it. That's not true at all. Anybody who comes in contact with someone who has it can get it."

But of course. No American louse would dare discriminate, but that still doesn't explain how it knew where the nice, clean kids were, or why the interviewed mother reacted with such nonchalant fatalism. My own mother would have gone to pieces.

The fact is, we're not nearly so clean as we used to be. The ASOL has taken some big hits in the past few decades. The Sixties gave us dirt and called it "authenticity." Manic individualism proclaimed a "right" to be dirty, incense replaced ammonia, and thoroughness was renamed "uptightness." The Age of Aquarius was in fact the Age of the Missed Corner, and we're still in it.

The ASOL took its next hit from feminists. Housework, said the Marxists, was a propaganda tool of male capitalists, who invented labor-saving, push-button machines so women would think of themselves as "domestic engineers" instead of the unpaid scullery maids they really were.

Housework, said the doctoral candidates in etymology, was an arena of sex hatred because dust balls under the furniture were called "slut's wool" in seventeenth-century Yorkshire.

Housework, said Betty Friedan, was driving women crazy. Housework, said Gloria Steinem, consisted of saying, "Pick it up yourself."

It worked. Women exchanged brooms for brief cases and we got a revised ASOL tailored to the needs of the working wife: Complaining about dirt is sexist.

The last hurrah for the old ASOL was sounded by Jimmy Carter, of all people, when he paid an inadvertent tribute to gringo plumbing in his "Montezuma's Revenge" speech at the Mexican state banquet. Shocked commentators professed not to know what came over him, but it's not hard to guess. Sick and tired of being made fun of by foreigners, he had a sudden unconscious urge to get even.

He was in fine philistine fettle that day; if his wife hadn't flinched he might have gone on to the Elysée Palace and told the one about the midget and the bidet. That was how Americans talked in the golden age of the ASOL; in epitomizing what was assumed dead, Carter became his own Dracula, driving in the stake until it was really dead this time, once and for all, forever.

The ASOL was replaced by the American Standard of Coping, a friendly defense mechanism free of imperialistic overtones and guaranteed not to offend anyone. Fierce displays of disgust are not permitted. If we are faced with a bare homeless bottom positioned over a curb, or beset by someone who gets more sensual pleasure out of saving water than using it, we must do as the Lice Moms do: take precautions, follow the directions on our treatment kits, and never get mad—just "concerned." Above all, we must never blame others.

THE American Standard of Coping would fascinate Henrik Ibsen. In his play *An Enemy of the People*, Dr. Stockmann discovers that his town's water supply is poisoned, but when he tries to warn the townspeople, they turn on him. The mayor, who happens to be Dr. Stockmann's brother, sides with the people; assuring them that their water is safe, he blames "progressive" science for spreading the poison of doubt. Having heard what they wanted to hear, the townspeople ostracize Dr. Stockmann.

The play as rewritten by the ASOC opens with a chorus of Education 'n' Awareness, i.e., ten tips on water safety proffered by the perky chemist on *Good Morning, America*. This starts a ratings war and a search for perky chemists ensues. Once every network has one, the burning question is not water but who will become the Greta Van Susteren of the test tube.

The second act is about Coping Chic. Kitchens fill up with countertop distillers and filters—already available from catalogues for people who cope with crime by shopping from home. Soon there are three filters on every faucet to go with the three locks on every door. Meanwhile, when bottled water is found in a construction worker's lunchbox, offended yuppies buy $500 divining rods and ABC manages to find and hire the country's only perky dowser.

Sensing that his point has been lost, Ibsen's ghost comes out on stage and recites the moral of the play as he wrote it: "You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to fight for freedom and truth."

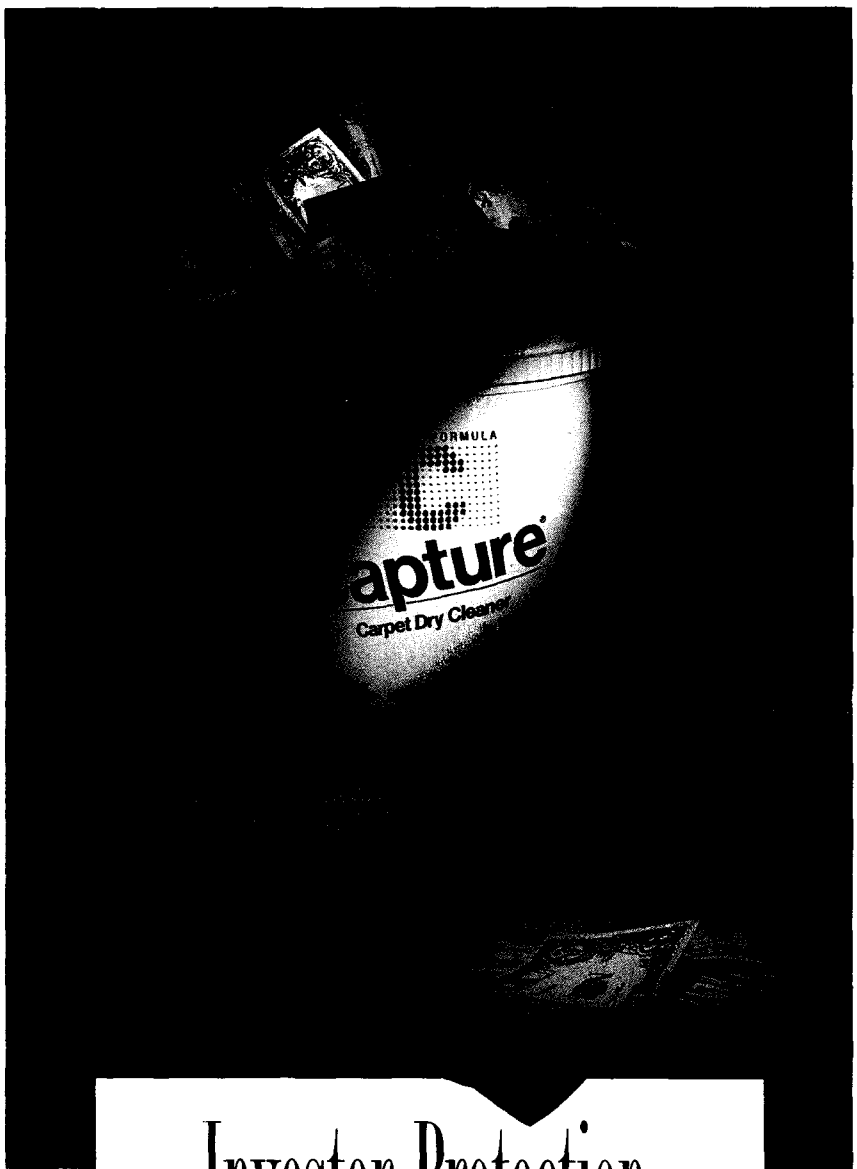
Obviously, he didn't know Americans. Bombarded for years with warnings about everything we put in our mouths, we have developed a masochistic need to hug the messenger. In the third act, the ASOC's Dr. Stockmann is lauded as a "whistle blower" and gets to spend weeks on TV saying, "I was just doing my job" and "Larry, I thought about all the kids."

I would drink from the Ganges just to see Ibsen's face. □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MILLIKEN



Investor Protection.

Fine floor coverings are part of the investment in your home. With Capture dry cleaning system, you can actually *extend* your carpet's life. Capture is simple and environmentally safe. Just sprinkle, brush and vacuum. And Capture will not void your carpet's warranty. Protect the natural beauty of your carpet. Anything else might put your investment at risk.

For your nearest Capture® dealer, call

1-800-223-1535

8am - 5pm Eastern Time

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BOMBAY SAPPHI[illegible]ART II. AS ASSEMBLED [illegible]NNY R[illegible]

POUR SOMETH[illegible]G PRICELESS.

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% [illegible] (94 Proof). 100% neutral spirits. ©1995 Carillon Importers LTD., Teaneck, N.J. ©1995 Ginny Ruffner.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED